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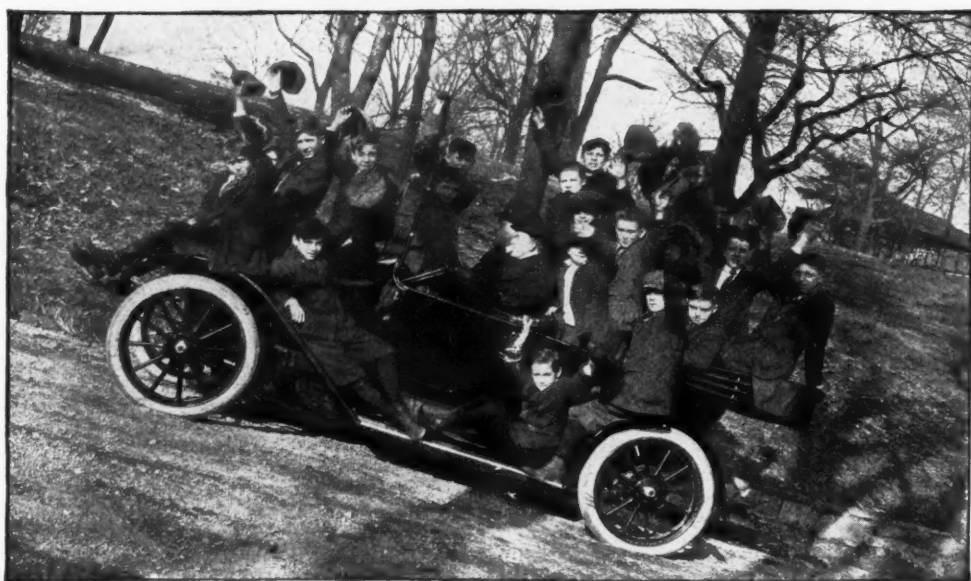
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REEDY'S MIRROR

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ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1916

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

CONTENTS

REFLECTIONS: Hail, the Veiled Prophet— "Bonnie May"—Prudes and the Fashions —The Woman Who Walks by Night—A Possible Democratic Leakage—Will They Try the Eight-Hour Law?—The People Will Pay—Concerning the New Taxes— Where Judge Lamm is Wrong—The Cen- sorship of Literature—Attacking the Fed- eral Reserve Act—Missouri's Military Efficiency—The Menace of Prohibition. By William Marion Reedy.....	597
THE APARTMENT CRAZE: By W. M. R.....	599
TO A LADY: By Marjorie Allen Seiffert.....	600
THE MOVIES AND MUSIC: By Richard L. Stokes	600
CHRISTOPHER'S CURE: By Harry B. Kennon.....	603
THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY: By E. A. Gore- Booth	604
LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE: Skeletons in the Socialist Closet—The Power of the Press	605
THEODORE DREISER'S "THE GENIUS".....	605
M. JUSSEURAND'S BOOK: By Marguerite B. Downing	606
IN HONOR OF THE HORSE: By R. V.....	608
TRUTH ABOUT THE THEATER: By Alma Meyer	609
SUMMER SHOWS	610
A FASHION REVUE.....	610
MARTS AND MONEY	611
NEW BOOKS RECEIVED	612

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Hail, the Veiled Prophet!

FOR the thirty-ninth time the Veiled Prophet and his train will honor St. Louis with a pageant and ball. In the pageant his court will present scenes from the Shakespeare plays, commemorating the tercentenary of the bard in living tableaux of brilliant, colorful splendor. For all the years the Veiled Prophet has been coming he has kept alive the spirit of the art of pageantry, conserved the true soul of community drama. He and his followers have set the standard for communal festivity on a plane of imaginative beauty and the cities of the world have learned therefrom. There is no more unifying influence in this city than the Veiled Prophet and his gladsome crew. Their pageant is for everybody, a materialized annual dream of the glories of fancy or history. It is a night-off from a drab world, an adventure in poetry. The ball is a great democratic affair with just enough formality to inculcate the value of social form and ceremony. No set or clique or caste dominates the gathering; it is everybody's ball in the sense that there are but two limitations upon the attendance, clearly established social impossibility and the capacity of the ball-room. Those who provide the money and do the work necessary to bring the pageant and ball to pass—and the expense is more than \$50,000 per year—do not even get their names in the newspapers. If the annual pageantry draws visitors to the city no member of the organization profits thereby more than any other citizen may profit. Indeed, such profit goes more to those outside the organization than to any persons in it. The social honors and distinctions of the ball are widely distributed and the crowning of the queen of love and beauty for the year is a social symbol of a city's need to honor womanly grace and beauty and purity. The Veiled Prophet's company is one of the best things St. Louis has. It is the city's old and young guard holding forth for the poetry of life and the glory of imaginative play and giving the old town one night in the year devoted to escape from the thrall of fact and the obsession of affairs. The pageant and ball will take place this year on the evening of October 3rd, and any reader of this paper beyond the city's boundaries who will come here then will behold a spectacle that will demonstrate that St. Louis is the one city in the land that has poetry in its soul and love in its heart.

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"Bonnie May"

ANY St. Louisan of the reading breed who has not read Louis Dodge's novel, "Bonnie May" (Scribners, New York) should be ashamed of himself. For Louis Dodge is a St. Louis man who has done good work on the *Globe-Democrat*, the *Times* and the *Republic*, to say nothing of the excellent poetry he has contributed to the *MIRROR*. His novel is a charming piece of work, written with a fine, quiet naturalness, its effects being achieved without strain of invention or torture of language for style. It is the story of a stage-waif girl and the mystery of her abandonment when she is found by a young man in a theater fire panic and taken to his aristocratic home. Good as the story is, the character of the little girl is the glory of the tale. She is a child who has accepted stage views of life. To her all the world's a stage, and all the men and women

merely players, yet curiously the child makes the player view of life the realistic one. She would have life conform to art ideals, and it is a beautiful life of honesty and truth and kindness that she holds up before all those with whom she is brought in contact. Her wise old head, with a childish heart, makes her a practical philosopher at odds with the conventional world in all her natural actions but infecting that conventional world with sweetness and light. Reading of her I was made to think often of Marjorie Fleming, Dr. John Brown's and Sir Walter Scott's "bonnie wee coodlin' doo." Hers is the genius temperament full of an unexpectedness, an originality that is yet nothing but the response to the promptings of instincts of goodness. She startles people with her frankness of estimating them by the standards of the footlights and the green-room, but she's most right when, at first sight, she seems most outlandish. She is quaintly old-fashioned, back of her up-to-date slang, and altogether adorable as a child-woman. How she affects the young man who found her, his mother, an icy but somewhat decayed aristocrat, and others, Mr. Dodge describes in pages which make up a penetrating but not uncharitable social study. *Bonnie May* is the soul's salvation of everybody about her, a dear, darling girl made lovably real to us in her stage-formed unreality by the scrupulous yet free artistry of Mr. Louis Dodge, to whom I make gratulatory salutation for his happy achievement.

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Prudes and the Fashions

HEADS of establishments employing girls, in Philadelphia and elsewhere, are issuing orders against the short skirts and low waists. Certain busy-body societies are engaged in the same crusade. But all agitation and legislation against women's fashions, since fashions began, have been ineffectual. A fashion lasts until it changes, and that's all there is to it. Most thundering against fashion is based upon an idea that it is wrong to expose the body, because the body is essentially vile. The body is not vile. It is beautiful and what current fashion displays of it in breast and limbs is very beautiful, with the added beauty of freedom. All those who proclaim the baseness of the body or the flesh would do well to consider that the soul for whose salvation they are so anxious has never been seen without a body. Resurrection without the body will not amount to anything, since without the bodily senses, so far as we know, there will be no persistence of individual identity. Women's footwear is beautiful and so is the glimpse of the merest penumbra of breast afforded by the waists. I am for the present fashions. They have the two most glorious notes of life—youth and liberty. And the women who wear the fashions are as pure as women ever were in gloomier or more calypso garb. Down with the prurient puritans!

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The Woman Who Walks by Night

OUR St. Louis *Times* is conducting a violent crusade against the unhappy street walker. It demands that she be arrested, cast into the calaboose and fined, or that she be driven out of town. What about her after she pays her fine or emerges from the workhouse? Shall she be asphyxiated like the curs caught by the dog catchers and thrown in the dog pound? Whither shall she go when driven out of town—to some other town? Where can she find honest work to escape starvation? Has she ceased to exist when she is driven off the street? Is an evil destroyed by hiding it? The

editor of the *Times* should read the letter Brand Whitlock, our splendid minister to Belgium, wrote to seven clergymen of Toledo who engaged in a crusade like unto that of the *Times*. He told them the way to abolish prostitution, sheltered or peripatetic, and the seven representatives of the Federation of Churches in Toledo have not been heard of since. Abolish privilege, he says; give the girls a chance to live. Get rid of poverty and you get rid of prostitution, not otherwise. What is the *Times* doing to abolish poverty?

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A Possible Democratic Leakage

A FACT which Democratic campaign managers should bear in mind is that it is high time something should be done to stop the defection from that party of a large element of Catholic voters. That Catholics as a class are going to desert the Democracy I do not believe, but everyone familiar with the undercurrents in the present campaign knows that a great many Catholics are going to vote against President Wilson. The ground of their resentment is that under the rule of Carranza many priests and nuns have been subjected to the most degrading indignities and in some instances killed. Carranza is where he is and officially what he is by virtue of Wilsonian favor. What Carranza has done in respect, or in disrespect of the church and the religious, is attributed to Wilson. Multitudes of Catholics favor intervention to prevent maltreatment and murder of their people in Mexico. Huerta, I may say, was supposed to be favorable to the Church, about as Diaz was, through the influence of his wife. I believe that the President's secretary, Mr. Tumulty, some time ago wrote a letter to some prominent Catholics exculpating his chief, but, so far as I can learn, it was not very convincing. The President has even made some representations to Carranza on the subject of his dealings with priests and nuns, but Catholics say they were of no effect. I do not know what the President could do in this matter, unless the sufferers by persecution were Americans, in view of his position that Americans in Mexico are there at their own risk. Here and now I do not propose to discuss what he should do, or to pass judgment upon the authenticity or its opposite of the outrages alleged against Carranza, though I understand he is no more hostile to the Church than Villa or Zapata or Magon, and all the reformers identify the Church, to a certain extent, with the Cientificos. I am simply calling attention to the fact that there is a strong movement of opposition to Wilson among Catholics, who are mostly of the Democratic persuasion, because of the failure to stop persecution of the priests and nuns. A defection of any considerable number of Catholics will cost the Democratic ticket heavily. Added to the German defection it may mean defeat at the polls. Catholic Democratic discontent must be allayed. The way to allay it is by an authoritative statement of the facts.

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Will They Try the Eight-Hour Law?

HERE is a statement as to the eight-hour law for railroad workers, made by a man unaccustomed to unconsidered utterance,—Mr. Louis F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor: "The Brotherhood's demands did not actually mean that work be limited to eight hours, but that a day's run of a hundred miles in the freight service be made in eight hours instead of ten. By making the speed of freight trains 12½ miles an hour the railroads could get the same results in eight hours that they now get in ten or more, could give shippers better service and would be put to little or no additional expense." No railway head has yet declared that he would try out the change. Can it be the attempt has not been made, because its successful operation would "knock galley west" the chances of the roads to secure an authorization of an increase in rates? Fighting the law on constitutional grounds will be cheaper than trying to conform to its provisions.

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The People Will Pay

CERTAIN economists are now shrieking that the public will have to pay the increased wages of the

trainmen under the Adamson law. It is a subtle effort to stir up antagonism to the organized labor element. The public has to pay for everything. The labor account of big corporations is a small amount of what the public pays. It pays interest on watered stock, interest on properties bought by insiders and sold to themselves, lobby fees, for private cars, for thousands of things not so valuable as labor. The public pays everybody's rent through the prices of product. The public pays for Republican protection, though it pays indirectly. The public pays for every campaign of every special interest for power to make the public pay more. The boost in the prices of everything is paid by the public, and the boost is engineered from anti-Wilson quarters, under the pretense that the increase is due to the war. The public pays the wages of workers, yes, and it pays gladly, but it pays infinitely more to the idlers and parasites though it doesn't know it. It is the Republican and plutocratic theory that the public shall pay everything and not know it, that the goose shall be so plucked as to yield the most feathers with the least squawking. They want to create the impression now that the public pays only the increase of the wage account. They want to make all of us rise up and take a swat at union labor, forgetting the other fellows who soak us more for less service. If it were not for the things the public pays for unknowingly, for parasitism and graft, rent and usury, the public could easily pay labor more than it gets now in the best times. There would be more jobs than men, and the whole public would prosper. "The public must pay!" Sure it must. It is willing to pay for work, but it will not much longer be willing to pay the exactions and extortions of the many forms of privilege.

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Concerning the New Taxes

MANY Republican papers are trying to frighten the country by spreading upon the record the details of the new and increased taxes under the new revenue law. The taxes are heavy, they are in some instances outrageous, but there is this to be said of them: they are direct taxes. We know we pay them; we know where they are; they do not bleed us unbeknown to ourselves. We know where to strike to get rid of them. We know that they are levied on other people but we pay them and then pay some more to those through whom they are collected. All taxes are an evil; some of them are a necessary evil. The tax we know about we can redress. That's the kind of tax the government abolishes at the first moment possible. Worse than these taxes though are the taxes that should be paid by the appropriators of the wealth produced by all, but are paid by the producers. Income taxes, inheritance taxes, taxes on beer and theaters and cigarettes and wines and stock-brokers need not worry us much. But think of the taxes all of us pay to make up the tax that is not collected from the man who pockets the increase of land values through the work of everybody. If we must have taxes, the best kind are those of which we can say that "we know what's eatin' us up."

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Where Judge Lamm is Wrong

JUDGE LAMM, campaigning as Republican candidate for Governor of Missouri, declares that the land bank measure of his Democratic opponent, Col. Fred Gardner, is the opening wedge for the Single Tax. As a lawyer, and a good one, Judge Lamm must know his declaration is untrue. The land bank measure will make for more land ownership and land owners are anti-single tax, as a rule. If the land bonds and mortgages are not taxable, there is nothing in the law that deflects taxation on land values exclusively. There is nothing in the law exempting farm improvements from taxation. The law leaves Missouri's rotten system of taxation just as it was. It will probably increase the price of land, but the State will not get all the increase of land value by taxation. Land bank farmers will pocket the unearned increment just as other land owners do. But as users of land they will produce more wealth. The Gardner bill should bring more land into use, but it will not bring about the proper

taxation of land held out of use. Missouri's land bank bill will enable farmers to utilize credit as other business men do. It will relieve them of borrowing on usurious terms from "money sharks." On single tax principles there is no reason to support the Gardner land bank law, except that its discussion keeps the land question before the people. It will also show to farmers and others the fallacy of the claim that there is plenty of cheap land.

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The Censorship of Literature

MR. THEODORE DREISER wrote a novel called "The Genius." The hero of that novel was a great fellow with the ladies and Mr. Dreiser tells with much frankness all about that hero's way with a maid wife or widow or eke a woman who was neither. Now the successor of Anthony Comstock wants to suppress Mr. Dreiser's novel or to force its publisher, the John Lane Company, to eliminate from the novel all those parts in which Mr. Dreiser's hero performs his stunt of putting the comethor upon the woman, in contempt of the seventh commandment. Likewise they would suppress the arguments in the book in behalf of such proceedings concupiscential upon the part of the hero or his various loves. The Society of American Authors has entered protest against such a censorship of the novel. Every person who has any regard for honest literature should join in the protest. Mr. Dreiser's book is not immoral in the least. His hero's career as it culminates does not make any case either for the righteousness, the profitability or the material satisfaction of himself. The hero comes out of it all, shown up more than a bit of a chump. There is nothing in the tale calculated to induce anyone to follow the example of Mr. Dreiser's "genius." Mr. Dreiser deals with certain facts of life which will continue to exist even though they be never mentioned in polite society. Mr. Dreiser's book does not inculcate immorality. It is absurd that a piece of writing like "The Genius" should be mutilated by the successors of the late Mr. Comstock. Mr. Dreiser tried to depict a phase of life with fidelity to truth and with no purpose to serve evil. He wrote as an artist, solely to present an imaginary life history in a way to make readers figure out for themselves the meaning and the purpose of their own lives. For that matter he showed how too much sex destroyed the genius and bruised or blighted everyone with whom he was associated. The protest against interference with the freedom of art cannot be too strong. Literary censorship is an intolerable institution. It cramps imagination and cripples invention. It has a paralytic influence upon thought. And it does not help morals in the least. Indeed, it puts a premium upon the meanest nastinesses that circulate clandestinely. The best disinfectant of base art is freedom. "The Genius" is not a corrupting novel. It is not a nasty novel, though it has defects of taste. It shows how "genius" is not above the moral law. The writers and the readers of the country should not stand for its suppression or mutilation.

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Attacking the Federal Reserve Act

IN *Moody's Magazine* for September, Mr. W. H. Allen has an article entitled, "The Federal Reserve Act—To Whom Has It Made Good?" The act was chiefly passed to prevent the concentration of money at New York for use in Wall street, but Mr. Allen says that in every month but one since its passage the New York banks have gained money. The act was to stabilize money rates. It has done so—in Wall street, but in other parts of the country high rates still prevail, according to Mr. Allen: it has encouraged the speculation it was designed to kill. The writer says: "Practically all of the higher officials of the regional banks are, in one way or another, affiliated with the big interests. The same is true of the Federal Reserve Board. The U. S. Government officials (*ex officio* members) are the only officers that are really independent." Mr. Allen avers that the rules of the Board are being steadily "liberalized" with regard to re-discounting of paper. The borrower is not obliged to reveal his financial condition when bills bear the signature of purchaser

and seller of goods and presents *prima facie* evidence that they were issued for goods actually bought and sold. The rules for collateral have been relaxed to admit railroad securities at a margin of value fixed by the banks. The rules favor the big bankers who issue the securities. The Reserve has not stopped speculation. There has never been such speculation as since its passage, and the interests that started the speculation have always had plenty of money to uphold the market. The power to issue banknote currency furnishes an inexhaustible supply of credit money. Wall street has a string on all the surplus cash in the United States treasury. Through the sale of acceptances (virtually) guaranteed by the United States Government, Wall street is granted immunity from those foreign demands for gold which have precipitated every great financial crisis in our history. In Wall street the Federal Reserve law has been voted a howling success, however it may be regarded elsewhere. Mr. Allen is in direct conflict with the members of the Reserve Board, who say the act is a great success in exactly the opposite direction. Is it not queer that if the Reserve act is operating the way Mr. Allen says it is, being a Democratic measure, the Republican bankers are not denouncing it? Or is it queer? If the measure helps the big fellows, as Mr. Allen says, they naturally would not say anything about it to spoil their juicy snap. *Moody's Magazine* writers usually know what they are writing about.



Missouri's Military Efficiency

FITTING it is that our Missouri soldier boys should be welcomed home by the St. Louis citizenry even though the citizenry did not come forward extensively to contribute to the support of the distressed dependents of some of the militiamen during the absence of the providers, for though the boys experienced none of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," they responded cheerfully to their country's call and were ready for the supreme sacrifice if it might have been demanded of them. Missouri troops were first to take the oath, first to mobilize, first in point of numbers,—over 5,000 men—as per quota called for, and first in discipline among the troops on the Mexican border. We should be proud of them. But we should not forget in honoring the troops that return, one man whom, on a former occasion, I celebrated as displaying in connection with the mobilization the qualities of a combined Irish, French and American military heredity—Adjutant-General John Barry O'Meara, grandson of a gallant officer who fought for liberty under Rochambeau. Remembering the Napoleonic saying that the requisites of successful warfare were, "first, money; second, money; always money," General O'Meara, foreseeing as far back as last March the likelihood of military measures being necessary with regard to Mexico, began to prepare for the emergency. The State had no money to pay the bills for rent and other necessities, but General O'Meara, as head of the State guard, borrowed \$47,000 for the contingency and when it came was found prepared in a manner almost Germanic in its thoroughness. Had it not been for General O'Meara's provision, the Missouri National Guard would not have been able to respond to the President's call and would have had to disband. The showing made by the Missouri troops, in which they lived up to the tradition of the great march of Doniphan, was made possible by this action with its dash of audacity. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war" and one of them is just that long-headed preparedness exemplified in the action of the head of the State militia. Governor Major may have made many mistakes in his administration, but he made none when he appointed his friend John Barry O'Meara Adjutant-General of the Missouri National Guard. So as we doff to Johnny come marching home from the border, let us not fail to bear in mind the man who got him there first in splendid order. Gen. O'Meara does things without fuss or flurry or personal ad-

vertisement. This is the first publicity given to his forchanded readiness in a crisis. St. Louisans and Missourians should not fail in recognition of his unblazoned efficiency.



The Menace of Prohibition

MISSOURI is to vote on November 7th upon a statute providing for State-wide Prohibition. The proposed law was put upon the ballot by initiative petition. To my thinking, prohibition is the last enormity of fanaticism in politics. It is an abomination in the social sense. A few people cannot drink liquor in moderation; therefore, most people who do not abuse liquor shall be deprived of its harmless use. Some people are destroyed by sex, why not pass a law for universal sterilization? But let this absurdity of prohibition pass for the time being. Consider practically its effect upon St. Louis. The wiping out of the brewing industry would paralyze the city—decrease its revenues, smash property values, throw thousands of workers out of employment, deprive the small merchant of the trade of those workers and act as a depressive upon every productive activity. It would affect the other Missouri cities of importance as disastrously in proportion. That the State would be better off is not to be believed. There are insanity, vice, crime and poverty in "dry" States—more than enough, as much relatively as in "wet" States, bearing in mind that the wet States are the more populous. Furthermore, the drink evil is lessening. If more liquor is drunk, there is less drunkenness. The saloon is dying out. Public opinion and the demand for efficiency and the fierceness of the struggle for existence are eliminating the drunkard, and doing it rapidly. There is no need for drastic sumptuary legislation. There is no need especially for the hypocrisy, perjury, graft and general sneaking corruption which springs up when an attempt is made to enforce a law repugnant to the general sense of the people. The prohibition issue is forced upon us chiefly by people who, feeling they cannot control their own appetites, want to control the appetites of others. Every person who believes that men are to be saved by the exercise of their own free will and cannot be coerced into goodness by law, should put forth his best efforts to save Missouri from those extremists who want to transform the State from a democracy into a puritan theocracy operating through a machinery of tyranny. The evils of drink are many, but all of them together are not as great an evil as the denial of the principle of personal liberty.



The Apartment Craze

By W. M. R.

ST. LOUIS is apartment-mad. It looks as if everybody who is not looking for an apartment is building an apartment or unloading an apartment. Looking for an apartment is a wearisome adventure. Oh, yes, you can find apartments in plenty—old ones. But nobody wants an old apartment. Nothing will do but the new, with a sun parlor or two, with in-a-door beds, gas ranges, ice-box, electric fixtures and, possibly, garage accommodations. The two and three-room apartment is very popular. I wonder if the automobile isn't responsible for this—after the servant problem. Everybody must have an automobile and the cost and keep of the machine must come out of the rent. One wonders what will become of the residence property east of Vandeventer avenue,—dwellings and apartments—being so thoroughly emptied and deserted. Someone has suggested apartments for this down-town region; but will people live down-town? They will not, apparently. Down-town is too dead and dismal, too dusty and smoky. Besides, the life of old down-town has moved out west. Owners of down-town property find no market for it save at murderous loss. They overstayed their market. They would not improve when they could. They would not sell, holding property at exorbitant valua-

tions. Real estate speculators leaped the barrier of this old property and opened up new territory. Down-town property now seems hopeless. The region won't revive until the property gets low enough to be a bargain.

Looking over some of the apartment regions, in streets like Waterman and Westminster beyond Union avenue, one cannot say that the exhibit is attractive. Rows of them strike one as bearing a rather strong resemblance to structures we used to call tenements. The two and three-room apartments look like the old Ashley building on North Broadway near Biddle street—a tenement of evil not thirty years ago. It requires no particularly piercing vision to behold these structures in the not too distant future as slums. It would seem that such is their inevitable destiny. The rows upon rows of them now are not attractive. And one who goes through them marvels how people in these times can live with so little sunlight and air. In apartment after apartment you find that the occupant must burn electric light in most of the rooms all day. Many of them have good currents of air blowing through them now, but they won't have this later, when other apartment buildings are erected on all sides of them to cut off the breeze. There are spacious and sumptuous apartments, of course, but they are not for the many. The apartment-crazed do not regard seriously the absence of light. The compactness of an apartment, its adequacy to the needs of people who cannot be sure of servants, the relief from tending the furnace and shoveling snow off the sidewalk in winter, and trimming and sprinkling the lawn in summer, the dumb-waiters for hoisting the food and other merchandise to various floors—those are the things that commend the apartment. If the cliff dwellers have children with no place to play about the house, the children can go and play in the public parks. There isn't much neighborliness among dwellers in the same apartment, such as prevailed among occupants of separate dwellings in the same block, but that is the proper thing. It is quite metropolitan you know, —like life in New York or Chicago—to live in an apartment where you don't know the people who live over you or under you or across the hall. If you have no maid or cook to prepare lunch or dinner, you can walk a few blocks and feast at Cafferata's or Cicardi's or at the Washington hotel, get a glimpse of a bit of gay life and stroll back home again to bed. Little furniture is needed for the smaller apartments. Cleaning up is easier. And it's no particular trouble to move into some new apartment, getting a couple of months' rent free, perhaps. What will become of the old apartments as they are steadily emptied of people who want the new? What will be the end of the process which has been working in the office buildings, of luring people from the new to the old by concessions of free rental, paying moving expenses and so forth, for that is what things are coming to inevitably? It will not be long until we shall have in St. Louis dead areas of apartment houses. The drift to new neighborhoods and new apartments will work out just as has the craze of people to get out of old, but good and comfortable homes down-town and into the apartments in what used to be the suburbs. But the drift will go on, for the women can't or won't do the work that the old home called for, and servants are nomadic, lazy, insolent, dishonest—everything bad, if you believe what you hear the women say in their social confabulations. The apartment movement is a part of the woman movement. And if you want a suite in a new apartment house, don't wait until the building is finished. You'll find them all gone—all those you want, anyhow. You must go and engage your apartment before the building has risen far above the basement. And you'll find people moving into one suite of apartments before the other apartments in the same building are floored and plastered. The apartment movement is now at its highest. The movers all want to be moved and settled by October 1st. Fine for the moving van people; yes, but not so fine as you'd think, for though the cost per load of moving is higher because

of a trust agreement between the van-men, the apartment equipment is so provided that there are not so many loads. Apartment nomads don't waste much money on furniture.

The apartment game looks good to an outsider putting himself in the apartment owner's place, but is it? The man who has a piece of ground in a good location for an apartment borrows money enough to build an apartment. He rents it to its full capacity by whatever inducements or concessions. Then when it's full, he's ready to sell it. He finds the widow who has been left a nice freehold and some cash. She is seeking an investment or is having them thrust upon her. What better than a fine apartment house with a romantic, aristocratic French or English name, and all the apartments rented? Just think of the rent roll. The widow can live in one of the apartments herself. The rent for the others will more than pay the interest on the mortgage. The mortgage can be renewed and the rent roll will enable the buyer to take up the mortgage in time. So the widow gives up her freehold and a nice chunk of cash and takes the apartment house. In a year or two the tenants begin to move out. New tenants can only be secured by lowering rents. Lower rents don't meet the fixed charges and leave anything over to take up the mortgage. The mortgage falls due. It cannot be renewed. It must be reduced. A second mortgage is plastered on the property and the man who lends the money takes the rent for his security. New apartment houses lure away tenants steadily. A third mortgage is necessary. And finally there's a foreclosure. The apartment house is the latest and best bait for widows and orphans, taking the place of cats and dogs securities and other chips and whetstones. Apartment houses are built first to rent and then to sell. And the story of the woman left a little money who lost it all in an apartment house is becoming a familiar version of social tragedy and economic ruin. But what do the people who won't live in anything but an ultra-modern apartment care about this sort of thing? As long as new apartments keep going up they can move every year. They can enjoy the variety of it. They can avail themselves of every new contraption in equipment. They will soon be moving into apartments in which even the tableware and cutlery and kitchen utensils will be supplied. They can now have servants supplied by the hour by the management, and the apartment house hotel is here, with restaurants, bell boys, public parlors, a ball-room and Lord only knows what else.

It would be unfair, of course, to say that all apartment houses are put up to unload upon widows and orphans or other suckers. Many are honestly built and carefully conducted. These keep their tenants for quite a long time, but the keeping of the tenants is hard work against the attractions offered in the newer structures going up so numerous. But it is too true that much of the apartment building is purely speculative, and speculative building means loss for someone or many in the long run. The structures are demanded, however, by people mostly who are desirous of escaping the labors and responsibilities and worries of housekeeping to the greatest possible extent. These people, of course, run into new troubles in the new apartments. "Man never is but always to be blamed." And the woman who has a nice home standing by itself, or a flat with a share of nice back yard, is taken to one side by her apartment dwelling sister and adjured, "Never move into an apartment." Janitors are a race of evil men. You don't know whom your mixed up with in an apartment house. If you're in a nice apartment house, the shop-keepers just soak you. Don't take a top floor suite, whatever you do; they're so hot in summer. Don't take a ground floor suite because the people upstairs keep you awake coming in or going out, and the peddlers and collectors will always ring your bell when they enter the place. In the apartments between ground floor and top floor there are other inherent miseries. But warnings avail nothing. The apartment is the thing and the housekeeper will have it just as she will have

the gown that is fashionable, if she die for it, or looks a fright in it.

There seems to be no checking the apartment craze. It may never be stopped. It will run its course. Apartment house building soon will probably be brought up against the conditions that confront skyscraper owners in New York. The skyscrapers barely pay interest on the investment. As they multiply they shut out one another's light. As they mount in height the area for elevator service and the cost thereof eats up the rental per square foot. The new buildings are filled up by offering free rent to tenants for considerable time, and often by taking over the leases of tenants in the old buildings. Apartment buildings, like skyscraper buildings, will develop into a desperate, ruthless, cut-throat game. And while it goes on, the residence sections down-town are falling into decay, with no movement of merchandising or manufacturing into the retrograding regions. There will be difficulties for owners of apartment buildings when depreciation sets in and the repairs are necessary. Woe to the folk who are then "holding the bag." They will have to bear the evil consequences of land and building speculation. The burden will not be held off for long in a town into which there is little drift of population from outside.

Vaticination does no good. Woman, lovely woman puts her foot down and says she wants the servant problem reduced to its lowest common denominator. She cannot keep servants in a house. Therefore she will have an apartment of the smallest size consistent with comfort, in which she can, when necessary, do the work herself. What can a man say against that? Where he lives is not of such vast importance to him. It's the wife who has to live in the place, and if she's satisfied, all right. It is possible apartment life is not as wholesome as life in homes apart from other homes, as it is possibly better in the country than in the city, but people are gregarious and they will huddle together though they may not be very social in their huddling. It looks as if the huddling will bring up shortly at the gigantic phalanstery, as if the apartment house of the future is to be a sort of community house such as once flourished at Oneida, New York, or Zoor, Ohio. The Socialist may hail the apartment house with joy, especially if he's a socialist-communist-anarchist. Everybody to his taste.

Apartment rents, all things considered, are not unduly high, I should say. At least the apartments people take are satisfactory, though invariably the apartments most people want are beyond their financial reach. In the two-room and kitchenette suites life is reduced very nearly to its simplest terms, and that's all right if there's a place for the Ford car in the basement. We have not yet come to the apartment house with a garage on every floor, such as they have in Chicago. The people want apartments; that's all there is to it. Whatever the social or economic consequences of the craze, landlords will build the apartments the people want. I think more and more people don't want property. The more possessions they have the more trouble they have. Why build homes? "Fools build houses and wise men live in them." Let the other fellow pay the up-keep. The tenant seems to be fairly happy—poised for flight whither he will at thirty days' notice. For all of which he pays the landlord more than the tenant suspects.

That people should pile atop of one another in apartment houses in a city where there is so much unoccupied land is an anomaly. Why don't they buy land and build homes? Is the value of land too high? Is the tax upon building too high? What has become of the old passion for a home? It used to be particularly strong in women. Everybody explains the apartment craze by the difficulty of getting good servants or keeping even bad ones. Are women on a vast strike, more or less unconscious, against housework? Are wages and salary too low and the cost of living too high to permit of saving to purchase homes? Are wages and salaries inadequate to meet the cost of living due to the drain

of rent in all its protean levies upon effort? Social philosophers may ponder these aspects of the apartment craze. I haven't time—I'm looking for an apartment of five rooms, two sun parlors, two baths, in-a-door beds, free refrigeration, electric fixtures, vacuum cleaners provided, maid servants at 25 cents per hour, and whatever other trimmings there may be at a proffered rental which apartment house owners meet with the inquiry whether I think they are running eleemosynary institutions.

♦♦♦♦

To a Lady

By Marjorie Allen Seiffert

I HASTEN to meet you, Beloved,
And you, like a beautiful tree,
Stand graceful, unmoved and serene,
Swaying slightly in greeting.

Passionate storms do not trouble
Those slenderly exquisite branches
Through which little sighing dreams rustle.
Breathless, I listen devoutly.

"Beautiful Tree, are you dreaming
Of pale drifting clouds in the moonlight?"—
"Oh, my leaves, my beautiful leaves—
Oh my beautiful, beautiful leaves!"

♦♦♦♦

The Movies and Music

By Richard L. Stokes

I.

RARELY is so disheartening an opportunity for havoc proffered to the music reviewers (*sacriussum genus*) as that afforded by the ill-fated production, at the Candler Theater, New York, of "the world's first photo-opera"—or, in more diffident phrase, the cinema adaptation of Ruggiero Leoncavallo's operetta, *La reginetta delle rose*. There was, of course, little new to fulminate against Leoncavallo, his prestige having suffered a well-nigh mortal stroke some twelve years ago, when the All-Highest Musical Omniscience picked him as the one composer capable of celebrating the Hohenzollerns in opera. And scarcely less than ruinous was the circumstance that the persons of the play were mute: these phantoms of the film were not tenors to be tutored in the nice points of vocal art, nor were they *prime donne* whom one might upbraid loftily for their failure to approximate Lehmann or Sembrich. Small wonder that the critics were fain to fall back upon the practiced objurgations of the craft, and contented themselves merely with damning the music as mediocre, the humor as vulgar, the plot as imbecile, the scenario as crass and the photography as atrocious.

Perhaps these encomiums would be of interest as evidence, were it required, that *I Pagliacci* is unlikely to have a successor, and that Italy herself, birthplace of the sumptuous photo-spectacle, may now and then be guilty of a scenario crudely planned and inartistically filmed. But by no means do they betray a luminous sense of the presence, at however rudimentary a stage, of the foremost aesthetic task bequeathed to the twentieth century for achievement—the fusion of music and the photoplay into an art-form wholly new under the sun, for which we may venture to coin in advance the name of Picture-Tone-Drama.

At once there arises a cry of misalliance. What is the photoplay—this darling of the mob, and parvenu sprung from the nickelodeon—that it should aspire to mate with the most enchanting of the Muses? Mary Pickford's simper, Charlie Chaplin's toddle—what have these to do with the majestic art of Beethoven and Wagner? In view of the picture drama's abject beginnings and still persisting delinquencies, such exclamations may not seem excessively unjust. Nevertheless, it is possible to maintain that the photoplay possesses exclusive char-

acteristics which promise it a station among the fine arts, and particularly that it displays, in many a singular parallel, so close a kinship with music as to make even poetry and the ballet seem cousins far removed.

The title of the photoplay to aesthetic independence has been vindicated once and for all by Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, whose keen thought was able to pierce through the superficialities of a popular entertainment to the art potentialities latent beneath. In "The Photoplay," he affirms that the picture drama is not and never ought to be an imitation of the theater; it has developed so many new features of its own, features without any similarity to the technique of the theater, that we soon discover it to have a way of performing the task of art with unique originality, as independent of the art of the stage as poetry is independent of music, or painting of sculpture.

Of these new resources at the photoplay's command, two, lying in the domain of stage-setting, are departures so signal that the theater can never hope to rival them. The first results from the camera man's ability to set his scene in the real backgrounds of nature and culture. The stage manager of the theater, Prof. Münsterberg says, can paint the ocean and, if need be, can move some colored cloth to look like waves; but how far is his effect surpassed by the superb ocean pictures when the scene is played on the real cliffs, with the waves thundering at their foot and the surf foaming about the actors! The whole world, in truth, is being rifled of its most beautiful places in the service of the photoplay.

The second innovation arises from the unprecedented facility with which the picture drama can change its whole background. Reinhardt's famous revolving stage is primitive compared with the feats of scene shifting which the photoplay accomplishes as a matter of routine. In the flash of an eye, with the velocity of the mind itself, we are translated from Orient to Occident, from Sahara's sands to Alaska's snows. Like the magic carpet of fable, the photoplay traverses thousands of leagues in an instant, and the remotest regions and climates are juxtaposed in the same reel. "Moveover," Prof. Münsterberg adds, "the ease with which the scenes are altered allows us not only to hurry on to ever new spots, but to be at the same time in two or more places. The scenes become intertwined. We see the soldier on the battlefield and his beloved one at home, in such steady alternation that we are simultaneously here and there."

That the photoplay has been able to emancipate itself from the tyrannies of space is due to the circumstance that it exists in only two dimensions, right-left and up-down, and for the third dimension of depth substitutes, like painting, the illusion of perspective. As may be seen from a glance at the history of the drama, this constitutes for the photoplay an epoch-making conquest of technique. It was no doubt the Greek's inability to solve the mechanical problem of rapid background transitions which first of all persuaded him to fetter his drama, whenever possible, to a single place throughout the action; later he ennobled his necessity by erecting it into the so-called law of unity of scene. It was Sophocles himself who introduced scene-painting; and the much vaunted "machinery" of the Dionysian Theater at Athens seems to have consisted of apparatus for bringing deities down from heaven and bearing mortals aloft. A like incapacity imposed the same restriction upon the classic French drama, which was thereby reduced to banishing the representation of action from the stage, and replacing it with the mere recitation of eloquent speeches. The ruder but more vigorously fanciful Britons of Shakespeare's time adopted the daring expedient of throwing the burden of scene shifting upon the imagination of the spectators—a tablet hung on the stage, bearing the title of the scene, was sufficient to construct for them the battlements of Elsinore or the canals of Venice.

It remained for a young German playwright, excited by Shakespeare's revolt against the Hellenic

unities, to undertake the experiment of enforcing upon the slow-moving theater a complete fluidity of setting. He achieved a play still marveled at as a literary curiosity, but he also created, quite unwittingly, the first photoplay scenario ever written. The author was no other than Goethe, and his play was "Götz von Berlichingen." Into the five acts of this remarkable performance are crowded 54 scenes, of which no less than 20, some as short as ten, eight or five lines, occur in the third act alone. This miscellany no doubt images the unfettered freedom in space with which the mind might range from one point of the action to another, but the most modern facilities of stagecraft would find it a monstrosity. Yet the task of encompassing its streaming changes of setting would be to the cinema camera not only thoroughly easy but also thoroughly characteristic. Lacking this apparatus, Goethe in time betook himself to writing frankly literary plays, to be read instead of acted. His boyish experiment has been repeated by none of his successors, and it is certain that in the photoplay the drama has, for the first time in its centuries of evolution, acquired the invaluable resource of infinite mobility of scene.

The photoplay is almost equally independent of a kindred aesthetic statute, that of sequence of time. It is true that the theater even in Aristotle's time had partly freed itself of the superstition that the action must be confined within the revolution of a single sun, but it is still unthinkable, in the drama, that anything as late as the events of the second act should appear in the first, or that anything as early as the events of the third act should delay until the fourth. With the picture drama the tenses are constantly shifting the order in which they occur in reality—future presses ahead of past, present yields its position to either, past happens after future. It is entirely feasible in the photoplay to disclose first the tramp that is to be and not yet is, then the amiable youth that was but no longer is, and finally the dissolute spendthrift that at present is.

With the breaking up of the continuity of time, the photoplay begins an inroad upon the third of the great laws which enchain our outward life, that of causality; for we cannot conceive of an effect that precedes its cause in time. The mainspring of the drama is causation, and its relentless system of motivation may be thus defined: Nothing shall be admitted which is not either a cause leading to a following effect, or else an effect derived from a cause previously set at work. The photoplay shares the measure of liberty accorded to the epic and novel, in which the incidents occur in the temporal series of nature, but are not necessarily bound together in the relation of cause and effect. It is not asserted that the principle of causality is unknown to the epic and novel; it is often operative there, and likewise in the photoplay. But its sway, absolute in the drama, is greatly relaxed in these three art-forms, which are at liberty to base the unity of their action upon other factors, for instance, upon the factor that the events all happen to the same person.

It is at the first grand trait of kinship between the photoplay and music that we have now arrived. As in the case of the picture drama, neither time nor space nor causality has power, or more than a minimum of power, upon the art of tones. In truth, as music has its being solely in time, it knows nothing of space and causality. It does exist in time, but it is time drilled to docile obedience. At command, time marshals its units into a great variety of rhythms; it marches by files of two, three, four, five, six, and so on. It flexibly accelerates or retards its pace. It summons the past into the present, as in the *Da capo*; it conjures the future into the present, as in the operatic *cverture*.

The manumission of music and the photoplay from the despotism of time, space and causality finds its aesthetic significance in the fact that these are the three ruthless forms in which the world of reality presents itself to us, and which hold our outer lives

in a bondage of iron. Most of our tragedies and disasters may be traced to the intervention of impassable space, or the flight of irrecoverable time, or the miscalculation of the effects which given causes will produce. Napoleon was the victim of insuperable space when his body was jailed on St. Helena, while his soul was in Paris; England was condemned by time's inexorable march to lose her American colonies, Clinton having frittered away the irretrievable weeks in which he might have effected a junction with Burgoyne; the Kaiser was guilty of a fatal misinterpretation of cause and effect when he reckoned that the invasion of Belgium would not provoke Great Britain's entrance into the war.

At last we comprehend the rapture, the exhilarating sense of release, with which we listen to music or behold moving pictures. These feelings are connected with the fact that both arts construct their worlds of the subtlest fabrics possible; how gross is the architect's masonry, the sculptor's marble and even the painter's pigment, compared with sound and light! We rejoice in the magic with which music rears its ethereal towers to the skies, and in the effulgent vitality with which all the photoplay's creatures are elate—an exultation vibrant even in inanimate things, so that the mountain range seems buoyantly poised for flight and does in a moment flash away, while into the space vacated ocean or city precipitates itself. But the fundamental reason for the unique stimulation worked upon us by the two arts may be thus stated:

Music and the photoplay enfranchise the soul, by creating and enabling it for the moment to participate in worlds that are exempt from reality's thralldom to time, space and causality.

II.

The second important attribute common to music and the photoplay is the surpassing faculty possessed by both for portraying the inner man.

The demonstration that the picture drama obeys the laws of the mind rather than those of external reality is the most brilliant exploit of Prof. Münsterberg's book. The photoplay, he emphasizes again and again, tells us the human story by overcoming the forms of the outer world and adjusting the events to the forms of the inner world. These may be defined as attention, memory, imagination, emotion, anticipation and foreboding, dissimulation, dreams and the trance, and the secret victories and defeats of the soul. To music also is not lacking a means for depicting the phenomena of the mind. This instrumentality was glanced at by Berlioz with his *idée fixe*, and many composers resorted to it instinctively. But it was first developed into a deliberate system by Wagner. The reference is, of course, to the celebrated *leit motif*, or guiding theme.

Just before *Tannhäuser* in despair invokes the goddess to receive him anew, the orchestra, by sounding the Venusburg music, enables us to read his very thoughts—memories of past delights at the voluptuous court are thronging into his mind. *Wotan* lays *Brünnhilde* to sleep on the *Felsenhöhe*, within a rampart of fire, but *Siegfried's* theme, proclaimed in the orchestra, prophesies that a hero will press through the flames and awaken her to be his bride. In "Parsifal" the same motive is employed on different occasions to represent the mental acts of anticipation, present perception and reminiscence—the motive of the flower-girl music.

In the "Rheingold," *Fafner* kills *Fasolt* for possession of the ring of the *Niblungs*; the orchestra, sounding the sinister motive of *Alberich's* curse, forebodes *Fafner's* own death beneath *Siegfried's* sword. When *Mime* seeks to harrow *Siegfried* with a shuddering description of the dragon, the music affords to the hero's imagination a hint of the maiden he has never seen and who will first teach him to tremble, the entranced *Brünnhilde*. Were *Tannhäuser* asleep, the Venusberg theme would reveal what his dreams are concerned with; if a clairvoyant glimpse of *Brünnhilde* were vouchsafed to *Siegfried*, the *leit motif* would identify the heroine of his vision.

Such achievements of inner disclosure lie thoroughly in the photoplay's province, by means of the "cut-back" and "cut-in." Instead of our hearing the Venusberg music, the cut-back would afford us a glimpse of the revels of Aphrodite's train; *Siegfried's* figure would flash for a moment amid the *Felsenhöhe's* blaze; the flower girls would appear on the screen whenever mention of them was necessary in the action, etc. So that this conclusion presents itself:

The cut-back and the cut-in are the guiding motive made visible.

In portraying dissimulation, also, the photoplay utilizes the cut-in with telling verisimilitude. On the stage it never seems quite in character that *Iago* should avow, for the ears of a house full of people, sentiments which he would not dare confide to the most trusted accomplice; and for his hidden villainies to be made public by another would violate the condition of secrecy on which their success depends. Yet, unless one of these means is adopted, how are we to know what he is about until his machinations become visible in action? In the photoplay, *Iago* may maintain a consistent closeness of mouth throughout. It is not by his volition or even with his knowledge that we are enabled to penetrate into the arcana of his wickedness.

For the exposure of treachery, music often enlists the *leit motif*. In the "*Götterdämmerung*," *Siegfried* comes to the hall of the *Gibichungs*, with the Rheingold ring, and is welcomed by *Hagen*, son of *Alberich*. The greeting is belied by the orchestra's utterance of the ominous motive of the ring's curse. But if *Siegfried* had not tasted the dragon's blood, we should still be warned of *Mime's* perfidy, as the poisoned draught is proffered, by the disingenuous modulations, the spiteful dissonances, heard in the orchestra beneath the dwarf's ingratiating song.

Akin to dissimulation in respect to reticence are those inner conflicts between antagonistic motives which may not come to expression in exterior action, but which are waged wholly upon the invisible battlefields of the soul, and in which the external and interior outcomes may be diametrically at variance. Such actions, as Aristotle discerned 2,300 years ago, are totally foreign to the theater, which prefers a hero struggling stormily against outward circumstances, and exacts that the ultimate triumph or vanquishment of his will be bodied forth in outward victory or defeat.

But in the privacy of the heart may occur many collisions of incentives quite as thrilling as any drama. An instance of such strife of self against self, so deeply interior that scarcely anyone else in the play so much as suspects its existence, is found in "*Die Meistersinger*." Here the ostensible hero is the prospering young knight, *Walther*, who overcomes *Beckmesser* in the joust of song and gains *Eva*, the prize, for his bride. But the real action takes place in the soul of *Hans Sachs*, a widower of middle age, who also loves *Eva* and has only to enter the contest to win it, so redoubtable are his talents as poet and musician. But he withdraws from the competition, perceiving unselfishly that *Eva's* happiness lies in a union with one of her own youth. Outwardly, *Sachs* is defeated, for another bears off the prize, but inwardly he is victorious, because he conquers his own regrets and attains, in Wagner's words, to "the absolute gaiety of gentle and joyous renunciation."

The magnanimity of the sacrifice would be degraded were *Sachs* permitted to prate of it himself on the stage, and would be cheapened indecently if—as Italian opera would no doubt solve the problem—the chorus were suffered to gossip of it in public. *Sachs* makes a single brief reference to his "fair evening dream;" the intuition of the inexperienced maiden seems now and then to catch a snatch of the truth; but neither *Walther*, beneficiary of the cobbler-minstrel's moral heroism, nor *Beckmesser*, his enemy, has an inkling of the secret. How, then, is it revealed to the audience?

"Even in the two great monologues," says Wagner's son-in-law, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, in

his brilliant analysis of "*Die Meistersinger*," "we hear nothing of his (*Sachs'*) complaint. But we continually hear its burden in the music, with ever-growing distinctness, especially in the conversations with *Eva*, in the accompaniment to the cobbler's song, in the emotions which the '*Johannesnacht*' arouses in the silent heart of *Sachs* and which are rising out of the orchestra throughout the second act, but above all in the deeply moving introduction to the third act and ensuing scenes. . . . The true drama, that which the poet wished to represent, comes to pass here only in and through the music. . . . How were it possible for an action such as this to be depicted otherwise than through music?"

Through the photoplay, to be sure, would no doubt have been Chamberlain's own answer had he been acquainted with the cinematograph when writing "*Das Drama Richard Wagners*." Quite as vividly and more precisely than music the photoplay could visualize *Sachs'* dream of winning the tourney and leading *Eva* to his home; her lovely presence there as its mistress would be depicted with the realism of his own longing; then his awakening to the truth that her heart was not for him but another, his resolution to assist a youthful rival to her arms, and finally his moral triumph over his own repinings, would be faithfully portrayed on the screen. And the photoplay would accomplish this revelation with all of music's delicately scrupulous respect for the hero's dignity and reserve; in neither case would it be through his own garrulity or the tattle of others that we are admitted as spectators of his sacred reveries.

Both arts, conversely, are fully able to disclose ethical defeat when ostensibly there appears to be victory. Suppose that *Sachs'* ungenerous self had conquered, that he entered the contest and snatched *Eva* from her lover. Externally he would appear triumphant; but music and the photoplay would disclose his inner remorse, which he himself would scarcely be eager to confess.

This example permits us to enter the most spacious of the fields wherein both tones and the picture drama accomplish the portraiture of the inner man. We mean the expression of emotion. That passion's distinctive language is music, as words are the proper vernacular of reason, has always been acknowledged. Wagner calls music the organ of the feelings, the idiom of the *Hertzensmensch*, or heart-man. Schopenhauer defines music as a universal emotional language, instantaneously and profoundly comprehended by man in his inmost consciousness. But the photoplay's vehicle of utterance is also an Esperanto of the emotions. Pantomime, employing bodily action, gesture and facial expression, may be incapable of conveying abstract thought, but it immediately communicates to all races of men, without need of interpretation, its content of joy and pain, hope and fear, love and hate, sympathy and malice.

The pantomime of the photoplay is much more distinct and forceful than that of the theater or the ballet, because of the preternatural height of the picture drama's actors; this, again, may be magnified at will to still more gigantic proportions by the familiar device of the "close-up," which throws into the sharpest relief every detail of gesture and facial play. In addition, the "close-up" deserves remark for its use in reproducing the mental act of attention; it selects, isolates and enlarges for us the one salient particular, in a throng of details, which we should run closest to see, if we could. Music is able to parallel this feat easily; at any instant it can submerge every theme but one, and press that one upon the hearers' selection—for instance, by giving a melody to the overpowering voices of the trombones or to all the violins in unison. To sum up:

Music and the photoplay are eminently fitted for union because both, freed from the external forms of time, space and causality, find their forte in the expression of the inner man and his emotions, through the universal languages of pantomime and tones.

III.

But however complete the practical compatibility of the two arts, no truly aesthetic synthesis of tones and the picture drama will be possible unless it proves that each imperatively requires, for its perfect consummation, the co-operation of the other. We shall see that such an inherent need reciprocally exists.

If Gluck's reform of the opera was nothing more than an insurrection of the composer against the egotism of the singer, then Wagner's revolution consisted in an uprising of the dramatic poet against the despotism of the composer. He founded a new art-form upon the incontestable truth that music, the most poignant emotional speech known to man, must forever remain, by the limitations of its nature, merely a means of expression. It discourses more eloquently than any other tongue, but is condemned never to be able to tell the subject of which it is speaking. Tones can certainly express majesty, but they oppose the silence of the Sphinx to the urgent questions: Who or what is majestic, and when, where, how and why is the attribute of majesty manifested?

It was for this reason that the pretensions to self-sufficiency advanced by "absolute music"—the play of patterns of sound in symphony, sonata and their kindred forms—were totally repudiated by Wagner. "Absolute music," he says profoundly, "is lacking in moral will;" meaning that for tones to exalt themselves as an end, when they are solely a means, is almost as immoral as the singer's assumption that vocal *bravura* is the end of the art of song, or the pianist's arrogation of supreme importance for virtuosity.

Wagner's writings abound in various assertions of this opinion: "In spite of all contrary attempts, music (at least such music as can in any way be regarded as effective) has remained expression and expression alone. . . . Expression, when not addressed to a worthy purpose, is nothing in itself. . . . Music fell into the error of assuming itself to be a perfect means for the expression of the definite. . . . The expression in instrumental music of thoroughly definite and individual contents is impossible." Hence arose also the famous analogy which Wagner drew between Columbus and Beethoven. Both, he said, discovered new worlds under the delusion that they had merely found new routes to old ones, and in this aberration both went to their graves. Beethoven's "vigorous error," according to Wagner, lay in his belief that over the Atlantic of tones he had charted a new track to the expression of concrete emotions, already accessible by the route of poetry; whereas he had really opened up an America for the musical expression of emotions in the abstract.

Music is a woman, says Wagner, and is always passionately seeking union with a masculine art by the aid of which it can bring to birth that which it is capable of bearing, but cannot bear alone. The male fructifying element is found in the poem of the lyric song, the libretto of the opera, the schema of the symphonic poem and, most interesting of all, as we shall find, from the point of view of the present discussion, in the wordless plot of the dramatic ballet. To Wagner the complementary art was poetry. This term need not dismay us in a consideration of the inarticulate photoplay, for in the Wagnerian sense it by no means signifies the art of felicitous word-fancying, of elegant versification, of creating choice metaphors. Indeed, with the mistaken idea that these factors are as decisive in dramatic as in lyric poetry, some connoisseurs have questioned Wagner's own claim to the title of poet, and have adduced not a few passages as evidence that his ear for the music of words was not as acute as his ear for the music of tones. Schopenhauer, to whom Wagner sent the poem of his tetralogy before setting it to music, read as far as the end of "*Die Walküre*," where occurs the stage direction: "The curtain drops quickly." "Well, it is high time," the essayist on style scribbled in the margin.

But to those who refuse high rank to Wagner as a poet because he lacks the consummate artistry in words and figures of speech possessed by a Goethe or a Heine, Chamberlain retorts indignantly and convincingly: "We still hear the question put skeptically: 'Can Wagner be called a great poet?' And the majority of philologists and aestheticians answer with a decided 'No!' A man can then conceive such figures as the *Flying Dutchman* and *Senta*, *Tannhäuser* and *Elsa von Brabant* in his youth, as *Isolde*, *Wotan*, *Brünnhilde*, *Hans Sachs* and *Parsifal* in his maturity—figures which belong henceforward and for all time as completely and inalienably to the living consciousness of the entire human race as an *Achilles*, an *Oedipus*, a *Hamlet* or a *Faust*—and yet the question may seem admissible whether the man who created such things was a mighty poet!" In another place the same authority asserts that in Wagner's works neither the music, the text, the scenery nor the gestures can be understood, if they are not all taken from the point of view of the dramatic action.

But the creation of arresting characters and engrossing actions, if this be the true field of the dramatic poet, and not the dexterous manipulation of phrases and tropes, may also be accomplished without recourse to words. Partly developed in Auber's "*La Muette de Portici*," this principle has been wrought into complete performance by the dramatic ballet, which, the latest art to attain maturity, providentially offers itself as an empirical demonstration of the feasibility of setting music to a stream of action as well as to a text. In the works of the Diaghileff repertory we beheld actions which lost nothing of intensity through their silence, and characters none the less fascinating because they were mute. The ballet's vehicle of expression, pantomime, is also that of the photoplay; and as the ballet plot supplies for its music time, place, characters and motives, so is the picture drama perfectly able to compensate for the constitutional *aphasia* of tones—music bodies forth the forms of things unknown, and the photoplay, like the poem or the libretto, can turn them into shapes and give them local habitation and a name.

Music's necessity for aid in achieving definiteness of utterance may be satisfied by several agencies, including the photoplay; the latter's need of music is specific and individual. The picture drama presents to us a world radiant with a light that never was on land or sea, but it is a world stricken dumb. Its Niagaras plunge silently from their precipices, its waves with never a lisp surge upon the rocks. In this acoustical desert the senses, painfully oppressed, cry out for sound. Thus arose those imitative noises which Prof. Münsterberg finds so reprehensible, the firing of guns, the whistling of locomotives, the ambulance gong, or the clatter when Charlie Chaplin falls downstairs. Thus arose the universal custom of employing musical instruments in the picture palaces—pianos, organs or small orchestras. Thus were derived those stock accompaniments which scenario writers are now prescribing—at every death scene we hear strains of "*La Cygne*," "*Träumerei*" or "*Ase's Tod*;" no love passage is complete without the barcarolle from "*Tales of Hoffman*" or De Koven's "*O Promise Me*;" and no happy ending can occur without Carrie Jacobs-Bond's "*A Perfect Day*." And thus also, in the near future, must arise music attendant upon the photoplay which is not mere casual ornament, serving to beguile the tedium of sitting for hours in the dusk of the picture theater, but music in organic coalescence with its subject, a consummation towards which the Wagnerian music-drama and following it the dramatic ballet have already shown the way.

In another respect the photoplay has a peculiar need for music, such as not even the silent ballet experiences. The latter is gorgeously colorful, in scenery and costumes, and its mimes and dancers fill the stage with ardent, vehement life. But the pigments of the picture drama's palette are limited to white, black and gray, and will always be so re-

stricted, for aesthetic as well as practical reasons; while its persons are only the specters of men and women—disembodied ghosts, pallid, fleshless, cold. Despite the cinematograph's beauties of scenery, its *chiaroscuro* suffers from a certain asceticism, like that of the etching. Music is required to invest it with warmth, body, color—in a word, to enrich its austerity with sensuous luxury of sound.

IV.

Having achieved a certain clearance of ground, let us now hazard a few conjectures as to what the probable lineaments of the Picture-Tone-Drama will be.

Its voice will be that of the grand orchestra, for it is in this complex and mighty instrument, with the spice and sting of its intricate harmonies and polyphonies, the multiple hues of its *timbres* and its powerfully accented rhythms, that modern music finds its highest emotional eloquence.

The human voice will be dispensed with, the new art-form taking the dramatic ballet and not the opera as its model. On very rare occasions, when the effect of vocal *timbre* is desired, without the singer's ability to enunciate words, choruses or choirs, in which voices are used instrumentally, may be cautiously introduced. Orchestra and chorus will be concealed from the audience's view.

Since music can express only emotions, the subjects treated in the Picture-Tone-Drama will be emotional and not intellectual in character. There will always, of course, be films appealing only to the mind, films of travel, news and science, and they will usually have incidental music of some kind. But any genuinely artistic combination of tones and the photoplay must be based on what Wagner calls the "Purely Human," upon those emotions and feelings that are common to us all, in every time and place. The limitation will not be a serious handicap, for the Purely Human, resembling what journalists term "human interest," is to be found everywhere. Wagner discovered it in the deity *Wotan* and the shoemaker *Sachs*, in the hero *Tristan* and the simpleton *Parsifal*. Only subjects so lofty and impassioned as to require music for their complete expression will be admissible.

In the working out of plots controlled by emotion the photoplay will make as much use as possible of the specialties wherein it differs from all other arts addressed to the eye—its comeliness of scenery, its rapid changes of setting, its transcendence of the forms of time, space and causality, its depiction of the inner man in his memories, anticipations, dissimulations, dreams, visions and emotions. Dramas interior in their action will be favorite subjects. Plots introducing the supernatural and fairy worlds and great popular mass movements, with which the photoplay's technique is peculiarly fitted to cope, will often be selected. The picture drama's remarkable aptitude for comedy will not be overlooked, an aptitude in which, as Beethoven's *scherzi* prove, music also shares.

Since the photoplay's transitions of background are so swift that the nimblest-witted of composers and conductors could not be expected to keep the pace, and since the picture drama cannot be asked to relinquish one of its most distinctive and valuable technical means, the music of the Picture-Tone-Drama will not attempt, as in the opera, a literal synchronicity with the action. Unity will rather be attained by pitching both music and plot in the same mood—they will resemble two rivers flowing in the same direction, without seeking to duplicate each other's every winding and turn.

The new art-form, in its first steps, will probably follow the example of the ballet's evolution, which began with attaching plots to music already composed, as in "*Scheherezade*" and "*Cleopatra*," and progressed to the composition of music for actions made in advance, as in "*Petrouchka*" and "*L'Oiseau de Feu*." As beginnings, for example, there is no reason why a photoplay version of the story of Paolo and Francesca should not be built around the first movement of Liszt's symphony to Dante's "*Divina Commedia*," or one depicting the tragedy

of Arthur's Queen about Edward Burlingame Hill's symphonic poem, "*The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere*."

In the Picture-Tone-Drama we shall expect brief, swift and impassioned actions, with music and the photoplay vying in their impact upon the emotions, and affording a superb enjoyment such as no other art can bestow.

As composers for the Picture-Tone-Drama the modern Russians, with their unrivalled mastery of the orchestra's emotional speech, are indicated above all others; and among them the best equipped for the experiment seems at present to be the "Wagner of the ballet," Igor Stravinsky.

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Christopher's Cure

By Harry B. Kennon

"The little hills did clap their hands,
The mountains high did hop,
To welcome down into our town
His Grace, the Lord Bishop."

THE doggerel came into Christopher Martin's mind and he wondered why the poetic significance of the little hills rejoicing had never held his attention at pause before. Had he been of an earlier generation he would not have so wondered, perhaps, as he would have been more familiar with the old Hebrew line distorted to suit some pseudo-poet of occasion. The people of Southern Indiana speak of their hills as hog-backs, but nature-loving strangers are resentful of the homely term and talk of lovely hills when sojourning in the tiny American Tyrol.

Chris Martin, a young lawyer in the bud, fled to the wilderness to nurse pain, was such a stranger; but, city bred, he declined to go out of reach of daily mail. For, you see, Chris was already become somewhat sophisticated, but not so much so as to look upon trees as mere timber; and as he stood on the porch of Bill Morehead's comfortable hill-top house among the beeches, he was alive to the beauty of the scene, and grateful. He realized the rejoicing of the hills; for a moment forgot his malady.

And then before his eyes came the face that he had forsaken the town to forget.

No man born to worship beauty but has sacrificed his heart on beauty's altar and the heart of Christopher was on her fire. He had lifted blind eyes of worship to a goddess and she had carelessly permitted him the rope of his affections until they caught him in the noose of a lover's declaration. Then she had graciously opened his eyes.

"You dear boy," she said, "I would not have had this happen to you for the world. I am sorry; ashamed. To think that I, an old married woman—" "You are not old," blurted poor Chris, "and your marriage—"

"Is what it is. I know. Everybody knows. Oh, Chris, I am so sorry! I thought you like the others—just the pleasant friend of a gay, sad woman. If you were older, boy, you would understand the sadness and the gayety."

"I could make you forget to be sad, dear. Your husband—"

"Don't, Chris! He will come back to me. I know him."

"And you will receive him after—after—?"

"After everything, Chris. I love my husband."

And, feeling horribly, Christopher had left her. What the boy had wanted in life, so far, had been his to have—oh, how he wanted his goddess! And he suffered as youth only can suffer, so conditioned. He was but faintly aware of the chagrin woven into his disappointment, and conventions bothered him not at all. He loved the woman, and he could not get her face, her charm, out of his mind. He was foolish enough to feel that no trouble was like his trouble—and wise enough to take his trouble to the wilds.

Wandering chance carried him to Oxbow, a terminus of one of the many branches of the great

P. D. & M. railway system; chance again had guided him to big Bill Morehead's, seeking board.

Bill was one of the P. D. & M.'s engineers, as hearty a host as one could desire. Mrs. Bill, their small son, and Bill's old mother completed the contented little family.

Here Chris had been for a number of days. Behind him, now, Mrs. Bill moved about in the wide-windowed, green-papered living room, that seemed part of the green outer world, setting the table for supper and making that cheerful clatter that whets appetite—tramping the hog-backs had revived Christopher's lost-to-love appetite, whether or no. Below him spread a misty valley lanterned with fireflies, and beyond, hills of darkling green melted into hills distant and purple in the deepening twilight. And her face looked out at Chris from hills and sky.

A whistle blew far down the valley; an electric headlight pierced the mist.

"Forty-six—on time—Mag," called old Mrs. Morehead, from her rope-seated rocker.

"Yes, ma," responded Mrs. Bill, "an' the hoccakes an' ham is honin' for the fire. Bill'll nose 'em as he hits the top trail."

"And buttermilk, Mrs. Morehead. Don't say the butter cow's gone dry."

"All you can swaller, Mr. Martin," laughed the busy woman as she left for her kitchen.

"How about Bill?" called Martin.

Bill's mother answered the question in a strong old voice, pointing the stem of her cob pipe at Chris as she spoke: "Bill's feedin' be accordin' as how the strike's goin'."

"Don't fret about the strike," comforted Chris; "they won't pull it off."

"Wisht I was sho' of that as you be, Mr. Martin," said Bill Morehead, climbing the porch steps. "Wisht I was. Heah's yo' Chicago paper I picked up to the junction."

"Any letters?"

Bill grinned. "Tied up with another chap, I reckon. You askin' me for letters every night and ain't none come yet. Yo' girl's on strike."

"Strike's ain't nothin' but misery," complained Bill's mother.

"Not when yuh win out, ma. How's yo' misery?"

"I heah yo' pappy say same's you, Bill, an' I ain't seen no good come out of no strike yet. I seen too many strikes not to know."

Bill's voice grew gentle. "This mess needn't pester yuh, ma. We got the government an' people with us. We're sho' to win. We've won now."

"I ain't smart enough to know yo' government, Bill,—but I know folks. You discomberate folks an' they'll turn agin yuh. I seen it time'n agin."

"Well, there's plenty for you an' Mag an' the boy to outlast this strike, ma, so don't be donsy. Hello, Mag!" He gave his wife a hug. "Where's the boy?"

"Hush," warned the mother, "he's asleep. Go clean yo'self, an' don't wake him. Supper's ready."

"Guess I'll lay off an' get acquainted with the kid, eh, Mr. Martin?"

"Time a-plenty for that," said the old woman.

Bill paused at the bed-room door. "Wait 'til little Bill's big enough to ride with me in the cab, ma," he responded.

"You won't be let to take him."

"Ain't she the old girl for keepin' track of company's rules?" laughed Bill. A spluttering and a splashing from the inner room soon told that the engineer was "cleaning himself."

"Set up, Mr. Martin," invited Mrs. Bill, coming in from the kitchen, "set up. Ain't no sense waitin' on Mr. Mo'head whilst hoe-cakes is hot. Set up, ma."

"I ain't got no stomach for vittles to-night, Mag."

"What's ailin'? Want yo' bitters?"

"I got bitters enough."

"When Bill comes he'll make yuh set up. Just yuh wait. Long sweetin' or short, Mr. Martin?"

"I'll have syrup," answered Chris, as Bill reappeared.

"Why ain't yuh settin' up, ma?" he asked.

"I ain't feelin' to."

"Feelin' come with feedin'." He picked the old woman up, chair and all, and put her in her place at table. "Now," he said, "all we want is little Bill."

They ate without conversation, as country people do, Chris taking furtive glances at his paper. The news of the great impending railroad strike was disquieting. Chris knew that Morehead had later and more accurate news of the situation than his day old paper—and he knew that Bill would impart little of his information. But Bill surprised him.

"Anything special callin' you home before Labor Day, Mr. Martin?" he asked.

"You don't mean—?"

"Course, walkin's good for them as don't mind. We ain't wantin' to get shed of you; but there'll probably be things doin', Labor Day."

"You mean nothing doing?" asked Chris.

Bill nodded gravely.

"Air the strike order out?" wailed old Mrs. Morehead.

"Yes, ma—for next Monday. To-morrow's papers'll have it."

"Yuh say the government's with yuh: what's Wilson doin'?"

"All he can, ma. He may fix it yet."

"I don't see why you railroad boys don't help the President out," said Chris; "all the managers ask is arbitration."

"We ain't fightin' the managers," responded Bill; "we're fightin' their owners—the managers can't help themselves, they're bought. They're playin' for arbitration now like we boys played for it an' couldn't get it. When we did get it they stacked the cards, and they didn't live up to their own rules. Arbitration, when it's square, is all right—it can't be done square with the crowd we're up against."

"But, Bill!" protested his anxious-eyed wife.

"I know what you're wantin' to say, Mag, an' I know how ma's feelin'. I got a good run an' good pay an' I'm satisfied with my job; but some of the boys ain't got what I got. It's stickin' together as does it. If the brotherhood goes out, Bill Morehead goes with them."

"But," interposed Chris, "you engineers, conductors and trainmen are the best paid and most comfortably placed men on the job. And you're a minority. How about the clerks and all the rest of the boys who work for small pay?"

"They needn't," retorted Bill. "We're workin' for them's well as ourselves, showin' them the way. So long's they don't organize and fight for what's comin' to 'em honest, they'll be starved. There's nothin' cheaper'n men an' nothin' dearer than everything men need these days. You ain't forgettin' the pay of the presidents, vice-presidents, managers and lawyers, air you?"

"But think of the years of education the lawyers have to have, and the cost of it," said Chris.

"I do," responded Bill. "Did you ever think of the schoolin' an engineer has to have, an' the cost of it? Take me. It cost me the chance of book schoolin'; first a boy in the yards, then tendin' switch an' brakes, then firin', then my engine. I pull down about eighteen hundred a year; our head lawyer on the P. D. & M. makes fifty thousand in poor years. He don't earn it; he's a fancy man. When I pull out "Forty-six" full of passengers, I got more responsibility to bear than all the railroad lawyers in the country. I ain't kickin', I'm just sayin' what's so. You notice the managers say if the men get what they're askin' it'll cost the roads betwixt fifty and a hundred million, an' that the people'll have to foot the bill—"

"Well, won't they?" interrupted Chris.

"Have you heard a word about cuttin' dividends?" was Bill's answering question. "I ain't heard nothin' along that line nor seen it in print. Dividends is too holy to peel for expenses."

"A good many people would suffer if dividends were cut," said Chris.

"Yuh ain't goin' to spring them old widders and orphans on me, air you? Why, most of the stock and bond holdin' widders ride in automobiles an' the orphans go to swell colleges. Poor folks can't buy stocks and bonds and hold 'em for income. You know's well's I do who the dividend takers are an' how they spend the money. Let them as takes the profit of labor do without some o' the things they don't need, an' foot the bill. They ain't no call for but one class of people in the country to pay it—an' they can pay without sufferin'. A man like me has to work a long time before he gets his engine an' then his time for runnin' it ain't none too long. He's got to keep in condition; a glass of booze on the job'd queer him."

"Yuh always said no engineer had ought to drink, Bill," urged his wife.

"An' I say so yet. He hadn't orter—never! But them as manages us sits down to banquets an' boozes whilst they're managin'. I ain't kickin', I tell you—what's so's so. Why, fine old engineers that have to wear specs, stand to lose their jobs. We have to go through all sorts of feelin's an' pokin's, special 'bout our eyes. If I was to say this room wasn't papered red—"

Bill's old mother dropped her pipe to the floor; Mrs. Bill gave a little cry of anguish.

"Why, what's ailin' you all?" asked Bill. "What's ailin', Mr. Martin?"

"The wallpaper is green, Bill."

"You lie!"

"Oh, Bill, Bill, Mr. Martin is right!" cried his wife.

"An' you say it's green too, Mag?"

"Yes, Bill."

"Ma, yo' eyes is best—if they air old."

"It's green, Bill,—greener'n grass."

"An' I see it red. My God!"

The big fellow buried his head in his arms and would not be comforted, though his mother and his wife were giving him what comfort they could. Bill was color blind. He never would pull out "Forty-six" again. Chris saw a heart breaking.

Christopher went out under the stars—he could not remain, it seemed indecent to do so. He tramped the hills until morning and not once did he see any face but that of Bill Morehead; her face not at all. Real trouble had driven out the trouble of his vain imagining, had made him see what trouble was. He was cured.

♦♦♦♦♦

The Little Waves of Breffny

By Eva Gore-Booth

THE grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,

And there is traffic in it, and many a horse and cart;

But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,

And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,

And there is glory in it and terror on the wind; But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,

And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,

Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal;

But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,

And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.

From "The Perilous Light."

Letters From the People

Skeletons in the Socialist Closet

New York City, Sept. 12, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I have been informed that Socialist publications are making use of large excerpts from my first book, "The Career of a Journalist," in this campaign. This would make it appear that I favor the Socialist party, but the triumph of Socialism as exemplified by the party leaders and press in this country is farthest from my desires.

Some years ago I joined the party, wrote articles for its publications, made speeches, and even accepted a nomination for public office on its ticket, believing in the sincerity of those with whom I worked. But after a year or two I found that the Socialist papers had all the faults of the capitalist papers I had criticised, with the additional fault of greater hypocrisy.

This was well illustrated in New York by the action of the Socialist daily in accepting a large advertisement from the traction interests, at the same time that it ceased a series of bitter attacks against those interests. The great number of notoriously bad patent medicine advertisements in all Socialist newspapers and periodicals, notably in the weekly to which Debs is the chief contributor, is another instance of the moral tone of the party press.

While conducting a campaign to reduce the water rates in New Rochelle, N. Y., I discovered that my efforts were vain while the company had contracts and other favors to distribute among Socialist and other politicians.

One of the stellar party members in New York City is intermittently an attorney for the coal trust, which he never mentions in his glittering generalities about the wrong of capital.

Multitudinous instances of Socialist leaders in various parts of the country seeking corporate favors could be given. With so few offices actually held by the party now, what could be expected if it were to meet with general success? Would it "throttle Capitalism" as it threatens?

Gustavus Myers, André Tridon and many other intellectuals who have left the party in disgust in the past few years would tell you that "it is to laugh."

As an instance of what freedom of the press would mean under Socialism as practiced by the ruling element here, I will cite the case of the *New Review*. The magazine was read out of the party for publishing the fact that there had been a decline of 75,000 in the party's vote in one year. The fact was not disputed—the crime was in the publication of the truth without permission of the executive committee.

Socialism in America is rapidly dying, if it is not already dead. The underlying cause seems to be the utter materialism of the whole movement. No philosophy which is based entirely on matter will ever lift its followers above material considerations. A few thousand martyrs—a few hundred martyrs—a few score of martyrs—even one martyr in the European war might have justified the party's claim to be the purveyor of a world-regenerating philos-

ophy. But not a solitary martyr has appeared since the Socialists were commanded to fight in the war in which they said they would never fight.

WILLIAM SALISBURY.

The Power of the Press

Chicago, Sept. 13, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

We had a nominating session here yesterday. All the Great Organs predicted the utter defeat of Lowden. All predicted the triumphant success of Hull. The two most powerful journals of this metropolis, i. e., the *Tribune* and the *News*, which are supposed able to swing any candidate they pick out, were frantic supporters of Hull. Result—Lowden defeats Hull by about 75,000 plurality. It was worse than Raymond Robins and Sherman! But—the great fight was made over the State's Attorneyship. For this the *Tribune* and the *News* ran Northup, whom they own body and soul. The *Herald* joined in on the me-too basis, while the *Post* put in a kick or a

stab whenever possible. Result—Miller, whom the said Great Organs fought with an intensity and animosity of the most extreme degree, literally lost Northup. When the votes were counted, Northup really didn't appear to have been running. "Smash the slate" was also the slogan of the newspapers—and among them they parceled out the different nominations as suited their private purposes and invited the Dear Public to step up and do the rest. Result—the D. P. stepped up and nominated the entire slate, in all its iniquity, by a hell-roaring plurality.

All of which goes to show that the Strangle Hold of the newspaper combine upon the voters is pretty badly busted. And glory be, says I, irrespective of ins or outs!

OLD HOSS.

Theodore Dreiser's "The Genius"

Excerpt from the Minutes of the Executive Committee of the Authors' League of America, Inc., sitting at the City Club, New York, August 25th, 1916.

"It was the sense of the meeting in discussing the proposition involved in the proceeding pending against the John Lane Company and Theodore Dreiser in re the suppression of "The Genius," that the book complained of by the Society for the Prevention of Vice is not subject to condemnation by it and that the same is not lewd, licentious or obscene, and it is further the sense of the meeting that the test ordinarily applied in such cases is too narrow and unfair, and that it may, if not modified, prevent the sale of many classics and of much

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of the serious work which is now being offered, and it is further the sense of the meeting that the League take such action as may be possible to prevent the suppression of the work complained of."

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Mr. Dreiser is not now and never has been a member of the Authors' League of America.

M. Jusserand's Book

By Margaret B. Downing

It requires but a glance at the introductory remarks to understand why M. Jusserand wrote this series of historical papers, "With Americans of Past and Present Days," given to the public in the early spring by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"An examination," writes M. Jusserand, "of the development of the two countries, will, I believe, lead any impartial mind to the conclusion, that, with so many peculiar ties between them in the past, a similar goal ahead of them, and to some extent similar hard problems to solve, it cannot but be of service to themselves and to the literary world, that the two republics facing each other across the broad ocean,—one nearly a half century old, the other three times as much, should ever live on terms of amity, not to say intimacy, comparing experiences of help to one another whenever circumstances allow; this they have been on more than one occasion and doubtless will be again in the future. During our present trials, the active generosity of American men and women has printed itself in a way that can never be forgotten, and so having lived in America thirteen years, offering good wishes to the forty-eight of to-day, I dedicate in memory of former times, the following pages to the thirteen original states."

After this whimsical dedication, the ambassador from the French Republic introduces himself with delightful frankness, as a very young man (thirteen years ago), to carry such a heavy diplomatic burden, being presented to another very young man, to be president of the great Republic of the West, by the genial, learned and warm-hearted author of "Pike County Ballads," "The Breadwinners" and "The Life of Lincoln," John Hay. He notes how well the scene fits into his early conception of the strenuous country, derived principally from Cooper's "Deerslayer" and a pictorial history in which the men under Grant and Lee were shown as ferocious bearded giants. M. Jusserand presents his book under seven headings, "Rochambeau and the French in America," "Major L'Enfant," "The Federal City," "Washington and the French," "Abraham Lincoln," "The Franklin Medal," "Horace Howard Furness," and "From Peace to War."

Of these seven, the first paper occupies nearly half the volume and makes an invaluable contribution to the history of early Franco-American relations.

Just as one would expect from so ripe a scholar as Jean Jules Jusserand, author of many erudite works on literature and philology, the material is all new and drawn from unpublished official records and documents in the French War Office. As the trite saying goes, when the king builds, an army of laborers is kept busy. The book has already called forth what if gathered together would make several volumes of critical review, and a horde of historical stu-

dents has begun to dig at the sources which he has so skillfully uncovered. For M. Jusserand describes the era in which the French set forth on their chivalrous mission as one in which a perfect passion for observation and narration raged in France. "Never perhaps in any campaign was so much writing done nor were so many albums filled with drawings." M. Jusserand gives a list of names, many of them now historic, of those who participated in the

American expedition, from whose journals may be gathered priceless details for the historical novelist as well as for the scientific investigator. A new epoch of historical romance founded on the voyage over, graphically described by many adventurers under Lafayette, Rochambeau and De Grasse, may be expected when these memoirs preserved in the French archives are available after peace is restored. Here and there a delicate flash of humor lights up the

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serious theme. For instance, there is a sly dig at the unctuousness of the early fathers who disliked and distrusted the French, thought them frivolous and lacking faith and morals, all because they had been perpetually fed on the *Spectator* as literary food in their youth.

M. Jusserand takes the reader along on the swift current of his enthusiasm as he describes the stirring days when France arose to succor a people fighting for a sacred cause. The long and involved sentences are forgotten in the vision brought forth from the past:

"An ardour as of crusaders inflamed the hearts of French youth, and the intended expedition, was in fact the most important France had launched beyond the seas, since the distant time of the Crusades. The cause was truly a sacred one—the cause of liberty, a magical word which even then stirred the hearts of many. 'Why is liberty so rare?' Voltaire had said, 'Because it is the most valuable of possessions.' All those who were so lucky as to be allowed to take part in the expedition, were convinced they would witness memorable, perhaps unique events. And it turned out, they were to witness a campaign, which, like the battle of Hastings when the fate of England was decided in 1066, and that of Bouvines which made France in 1214 a great nation, was to be one of the three military actions with greatest consequences in which for the past one thousand years, the French had participated."

In the two papers on "L'Enfant and the Federal City," the scholarly envoy from France has placed the nation under a lasting debt of gratitude. In this connection it becomes clear that, interesting as his book is proving to thousands of American readers, the ambassador himself is a more entertaining study. His essays are so intimately a part of him and his environment they gather additional value. When M. Jusserand came to Washington, in 1903, to succeed the urbane and much lamented M. Jules Cambon, his knowledge of American history was negligible, even the portion which may be named Franco-American history. Within a few weeks after his arrival he was invited to represent his country at the dedication of the buildings of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, held in St. Louis. He was compelled to "cram a bit" in order to prepare himself for this role, but the process awakened the keenest delight in the subject. From that stormy April afternoon when M. Jusserand with a number of fellow-sufferers almost congealed in the blast of ice and snow which swept in and out of the unfinished Administration Building, out in Forest Park, he reckons his education in Franco-American history. The Louisiana Purchase Exposition with its wealth of material, gave new life to the sporadic efforts made in Washington to gain recognition for Pierre Charles L'Enfant, the founder of the Federal City. The unfortunate patriot died a pensioner on the bounty of a friend, George Dudley Digges, of Chillum Castle Manor, Spring Hill, Maryland, as M. Jusserand sympathetically narrates. But the courtly envoy graciously omits to state, the brilliant engineer remained in his almost forgotten and unmarked grave at the Digges estate for years after the commission appointed to restore the City Beautiful had adopted his plans without even a minor change. If the author of the sketch were not

also the ambassador from France, he might divulge what he thought of such a proceeding. As it is, he gives merely the routine of what finally led to the national agitation for justice and honor for L'Enfant. The military funeral is described and his own part in the solemn ceremonial. It is typical of American methods that though L'Enfant lived in or near Washington for more than thirty years, his personal possessions had never been collected and beyond a few private letters preserved in the Digges family, not an atom of information could be obtained about him other than the records in the War Department and in the letters of Washington, Jefferson and the first District Commissioners and the engineers engaged on the Federal City. Not even a sketch, a portrait or an engraving exists of the man who drew the noble plan which has made Washington one of the beauty spots of the world. The only information to be obtained came from a venerable lady who had attended St. Patrick's Church in her youth and who had once seen Major L'Enfant in the pew with the Digges family. This verbal description M. Jusserand has used in his sketch of L'Enfant, together with the mass of material collected by the

Columbia Historical Society, through its president, Dr. James Dudley Morgan, grandson of George Dudley Digges, L'Enfant's benefactor.

But M. Jusserand, finding American information so meager, though the patriot had given the best years of his life to the national cause, devoted an entire summer to examining the archives in Paris. He has presented in these essays the personal side of L'Enfant, the first view ever obtained of him on this side of the water and it is doubtful if any should ever have penetrated this far, save for the energy and enthusiasm of the ambassador. We know now that Pierre Charles L'Enfant was a native of Montmartre and belonged to a distinguished family of artists, which in the early seventeenth century made the holy mountain their headquarters. Many of the elder L'Enfant's pictures were purchased by the government and some of them hang in the Luxembourg. Copies of these were presented by M. Jusserand to the National Museum and make the nucleus of a slowly growing collection of relics of the brilliant engineer officer who drew the plans of the capital city. Apropos of this, though M. Jusserand does not call attention to the fact in his book, he has often done

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so in speeches on his gifted compatriot, it is an error to say that L'Enfant received his inspiration for the splendid boulevard system of Washington from those of Paris. It was Napoleon who tore out the narrow, crooked streets of Paris and laid the broad avenues which are the admiration of the world. L'Enfant drew his plans for the City Beautiful in 1790, before the name of the great Corsican had been written into French history. M. Jusserand believes that Versailles furnished the inspiration, and he can show how the smaller plan of the court city was enlarged to the present needs and dimensions of Washington.

Two of the papers, "Abraham Lincoln" and "Horace Howard Furness" are remodelled speeches which the am-

bassador delivered on different occasions, revised and enlarged into essay form. In another, that on "The Franklin Medal," the speech of Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, is given in entirety, and as it was a scholarly oration, the thanks of the public are due. Mr. Root has yet to gather his lectures into concrete form. Thanks are due also that the address of M. Jusserand and the incidents connected with so auspicious an occasion as the presentation of the medal to commemorate the second centennial of Franklin's birth have been permanently preserved. In "From Peace to War" the lesson is skillfully driven home that if the American nation believes a debt of gratitude is owing to the French Republic successor of the monarchy which was its ally, American citizens are trying to repay the obligation.

Viewed as a whole M. Jusserand's book cannot fail to intensify esteem for the author. As it teems with delicate Gallic humor it makes stimulating mental food. There is a touch of grimness in the picture of L'Enfant, who strove above all things else to build a city according to the graceful natural diversity of hill and dale, could he, from the spirit land behold the steam roller system levelling the eminences into miserable commonplaces and utterly wiping out his cherished dreams. After perusing some of the fiery Frenchman's letters of remonstrance to Washington, it is a matter of congratulation that so furious a ghost as his must be cannot clutch the guilty lawmakers who are responsible.

M. Jusserand's novel method of showing what France thought of the American revolutionists in the closing eighteenth century in order to obtain a background for the French understanding of the American nation in the one hundred and thirty-first year of independence, is at once convincing and inspiring. It recalls the changed attitude of the foreigner diplomat who rushes into print on American subjects. Lord Bryce struck a new vein in his recent books dealing with both halves of the Western Hemisphere. His official ancestors, among whom may be mentioned Lord Lyons, Sir Frederic Bruce, Lord Napier, Lord Bulwer Lytton wrote voluminously during their terms of office,—principally laments, that they were condemned to drag out a wretched existence in a semi-barbarous country. M. Jusserand's book is sympathetic as well as scholarly, though one cannot join the swelling chorus that he is almost American in his handling of the theme. He is very much the Frenchman throughout, though he omits the tone of patronage and mild surprise that we have advanced so rapidly, hitherto adopted by diplomatists who wrote of Americans, their past and their present.

She was Honest

The sewing machine agent rang the bell. A particularly noisy and vicious-looking bulldog assisted in opening the door. The dog stood his ground. The agent retreated slightly.

"Will that dog bite?" he asked.

"We don't quite know yet," the lady said. "We have only just got him. But we are trying him with strangers. Won't you come in?"—*Tit-Bits*.

In Honor of the Horse

By R. V.

Whatever else may be recorded of the age in which we live, that it is the most destructive thus far known in the chronicles of human progress (or what passes therefor) there can be no doubt. This destructiveness is not alone typified by the Great War, in which the amount of human life and property destroyed baffles all computation; the analyst peering beneath the shows of things finds it everywhere present. It goes by many terms—as waste, extravagance, and the like; but, in the final audit, all must be gathered up and comprehended under the one head, Destructiveness. No known principle of economics, no concept of philosophy, enables an escape from this conclusion.

As a case in point, the destructiveness of which the present-day motor madness is the engine affords probably the most salient example. Within the past decade literally billions of dollars have been diverted to the gratification of this mania, with a resulting amount of destructiveness quite incalculable. Much of this destruction is destruction outright—the destruction of life and property in the baldest sense of the term, as illustrated by the daily dispatches in the newspapers chronicling the gruesome death of one or more persons and the reduction to scrap iron of one or more vehicles whose cost price—quite possibly of yesterday—ran into the thousands of dollars. But much more of it is latent—not apparent to the superficial observer and undreamed of by the "man in the street," who has not learned, and never will learn, to co-ordinate economic and industrial factors and "figure out for himself" the problems of collective living.

Among the things which the motor-mania has not yet destroyed, but has sadly crippled, is the production in America of high-grade horses. These magnificent creatures have been practically driven off the streets of our great cities not only, but even the second and third class ones and so on down to the county seats. The driving horse, of good breeding, fine individuality, speed and elegance is fast ceasing to be visible among us except in the rural and agricultural communities. Even there he is rapidly "passing" because the farmer and the suburbanite have also proved victims of motor-madness. The saddle horse is in very much the same case. In numbers, of course, he has never formed more than a small fraction of the number of drivers. Even previous to the advent of the motor-mania he was beginning to evolve rather into a pure pleasure horse than anything else, a luxury and not an utility, as the driver was not.

There is no one thing, in all probability, that has ever made more effectively for the simultaneous cultivation of a well-balanced physique and the expressed character of manliness, than horsemanship. The ability to ride or drive a horse well, to control a high-spirited one cleverly, and to master and enjoy him thoroughly, is one which calls for a combination of muscular strength, physical activity and mental balance and self-control that are valuable factors in the formation of a well-rounded per-

sonality. Almost all the great leaders of men have been good horsemen and many of them have left upon record their appreciation of and love for horses and horsemanship. Similarly, the horse has elicited from many of the greatest poets and prose writers of all times and lands, tributes which will never die.

We are all given to that form of near-sightedness known as the inability to see the forest for the trees. The motor car is so roaring and screaming, so deafening and blinding a juggernaut, and one so omnipresent, that in its presence, with hundreds of thousands pouring out of the factories and into circulation annually, many people actually think of the horse as lapsing swiftly into extinction. Such an idea, however, is strictly erroneous. While, as above-stated, the high-type riding and driving horse is being driven off our highways (and, in the process, the industry of producing him, in which many millions of dollars were invested, is being almost totally ruined), the number of animals of the equine genus now owned and used in the U. S. A. is largely in excess of that at any past period. Those which we have, however, are settling, under motor pressure, into two strata, sharply distinguished and widely separated. These are, the work horse and the race horse—respectively a drudge and a toy. The work horse need not here be dwelt upon. The race horse is of two varieties, namely, the thoroughbred runner and the light harness type, the latter subdivided into two classes, trotters and pacers.

In these two breeds we possess a stock of animals running high into the thousands, whose values, in their own spheres, are often immense. Only the other day a thoroughbred colt sold for

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\$50,000—and last winter a trotting stallion twenty-one years of age brought the unprecedented price, for a horse of that age, of the same amount. Both thoroughbred and trotter have been bred up, very largely, from foundation stock almost identical, "the blood of the Desert" being the original leavening "drop." But in the process of time and selection a wide divergence in elements has resulted and the horse that runs a

mile in 1:40 or better and that one which trots in 2:10 or better belong to different species.

While the motor car is a juggernaut, it will be long ere it (steam or gasoline) rolls the love of these superb animals entirely out of the American people. Both have suffered at the hands of their friends (?), also, as well as their enemies. This is particularly true of the runner, who, back in the 'nineties (that era which, the farther we get away from it, appears continuously more significant in its events and influences), fell into evil hands—the hands of professional turf-gamblers, who prostituted "the sport of kings" to most base purposes. The brazen rascality with which their operations were conducted (St. Louis was one of their favorite bases of operation) brought the inevitable reaction in the inevitable form—drastic anti-betting laws whose enforcement has resulted in the banishment of the thoroughbred from the view of many communities where for generations he had been applauded and admired. His departure has taken from the lives of these communities an element of color, dash and brightness, a figure of glory and beauty and a means of healthy amusement unsurpassable. And by that much are they the poorer. That, by way of recompense, they are that much the purer is something questionable.

One reason why love of the horse persists is because the history of the horse is so replete with romance—that quality for which the human heart hungers with so inappetent an appetite. If you do not believe it, read a volume just issued from the Plimpton Press, Norwood, Mass., entitled, "Making the American Thoroughbred," written and published by James Douglas Anderson, of Madison, Tenn. The sub-title is "Especially in Tennessee, 1800-1845." This indicates the somewhat local flavor of the work—but as all judicious readers know, in pure interest the local exceeds the general; and the "local color" with which Mr. Anderson has painted has enabled him to present some vivid pictures and portraits. "If you don't know the history of the Sir Archy family," he writes, "you don't know the history of the American people," and it is this point of view that has enabled him to write so interesting, even valuable a book. For it is not only a book about famous horses, but famous men as well. It is not merely a turf, but a social chronicle. The whole combines into something more than a contribution to equine lore. It is a book of genuinely good stories, full of incident and action, intertwined with a good deal of history that is luminous with cross lights upon both horse and human nature. Moreover, the author has carefully "documented" his offering. It is not the product of imagination, except in the constructive or re-creative sense.

To anyone with red blood in his veins, the reading or re-reading of the stories of these great races of the olden time, the horses that participated in them and the men who owned, rode and bred them, will prove absorbing. On that account it is to be regretted that only 750 copies have been printed and that the price has been placed at five dollars. The volume is handsomely gotten up, illustrated with reproductions of old

prints and paintings and should find a hearty welcome among all horse-lovers.

♦♦♦

Truth About the Theatre

By Alma Meyer

The bitter truth it is, wrung from the heart of one who has given the best decade of his life and the best that is in him to the advancement of the American stage, in the book "The Truth About the Theater" (anonymous, Stewart-Kidd Co., Cincinnati, O.) He writes calmly, dispassionately. He makes no claim of any uplift motive. He assumes no holier-than-thou attitude. He coldly recounts conditions as he found them ten years ago and as they are to-day. With certain lofty aspirations and ideals he reverently entered the theatrical field as one approaches the shrine of Art, and was rudely awakened to the knowledge that the ideality of the stage is to be found only in the limited space between the footlights and the scenery. The rest is cold, cruel commercialism. And just as the glamour of the theater resolved into hard, unlovely facts, he presents these facts to his readers. He found that producers present plays solely because they think the plays will make money—never for any other reason; getting money out of plays is the managers' business—getting art into them must take care of itself. A playwright with a good play may be denied a hearing for years; later, through some freak of fortune or accident of fate—there is no way to compel attention—his play may be put on and leap to instant success, but the profits will be diverted to the man at the top. A player may be widely advertised as receiving a salary of \$200 or \$400 a week; quite true, his name may be on the pay-roll for that sum, but no salary is paid during the ten or sixteen weeks devoted to rehearsals and the company may be disbanded after a week or two, so that the \$200 or \$400 a week may actually mean \$200 or \$400 a season. Even the actors who draw large salaries for long runs are kept poor by the extravagant mode of life which is a part of the profession. And ten short years is the average duration of the actor's use and popularity. Early old age finds him, and her, penniless and friendless. All the world knows of shining exceptions to this dreary experience, but the few successful ones have their good fortune blazoned throughout the world while the myriad failures are left forgotten. Another toll the stage exacts from those who enter its life is morality as accepted by the world. Morality as generally understood is a thing apart from the stage; there, it simply is not. (It is a mistake in an author to make such an unqualified statement, for there are moral folk upon the stage—plenty of them.)

The system here described had long been in vogue when the author of this book became manager for one of the big producers, and while recognizing and deploring its pernicious elements, he realized that alone he was powerless to affect the slightest change. So he lent himself to it. He used the other managers' methods to attain the other managers' ends and became one of the greatest and most successful of them all. That's the way he tells it. Now, after

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ten years, he voluntarily retires, a man old before his time, having accumulated a modest fortune for himself and a vastly larger one for his employers. It is apparent that there was no joy in his work; there was only the satisfaction of having accomplished the task he had set himself. Unpleasant and even shocking as is this revelation—the narrative bears the unmistakable stamp of sincerity and may justly be called a revelation to those outside of the theatrical world—it can but have a salutary effect upon any it reaches, be he playwright, actor, manager or patron, because it stimulates thought. The fault with the theater seems to be that the tinsel is looked upon as gold and the iron is hidden. Still, the story's not new. It has been told time and again. But all the warnings avail nothing to keep the moths who desire fame and money from the flame. Many suffer that a few may survive in glory—and again it must be remembered that there have been and there are to-day good men and women actors, honest and decent producers and managers, some of whom will now and then take a chance on art, though against their commercial instinct and judgment.

♦♦♦

Had To Obey Orders

An old colored uncle was found by the preacher prowling in his barnyard late one night.

"Uncle Calhoun," said the preacher sternly, "it can't be good for your rheumatism to be prowling round here in the rain and cold."

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"Doctor's orders, sah," the old man answered.

"Doctor's orders?" said the preacher. "Did he tell you to go prowling round all night?"

"No, sah, not exactly, sah," said Uncle Cal; "but he done ordered me chicken broth."—*Sacramento Bee.*

Summer Shows

"On the Veranda," a musical satire on college life, will head the programme at the Grand Opera House the week beginning Monday. Some fine singing, funny talk, eccentric and acrobatic dancing are introduced. George Goodrich, a very clever light comedian, is featured and is assisted by Jack Edwards, Dorothy Van, May Whitefield, Laura Dickey and Jack Oliver. Another playlet is "Father's Way," presented by Nan Nannary and company. Other entertaining numbers are the Royal Gascoignes in comedy juggling; Morris Golden, eccentric violinist; Gordon, Delmar and Prager in "Steps of Harmony;" the Dares in "An Athletic Picnic;" Sallie Fields singing rag-time songs; La Paiva, novelty dancer, and animated and comedy pictures.

"The Other Wife," a play by Vaughan Glaser, which has never before been produced on the road, will be presented at the American next week. Frederick Lewis is the star. The play is an unusually strong melodrama. It has to do with a man who, regretting a hasty, youthful marriage, flees to a new country and under a new name wins wealth and position and re-marries. The opening of the play shows him a candidate for governor on the eve of election, surrounded by his wife, daughter and friends. It is at this moment, after the lapse of eighteen years that the first wife appears with demands that her husband cannot grant and he shoots and kills her. Another man is accused of the crime and the husband is forced into acting as the accused's defender. In the last act the snarled threads of these various lives are untangled in an unusual way.

Theodore Kosloff, premier danseur of the Imperial Russian Ballet of Moscow and Petrograd, Vlasta Maslova and artists from the Diaghileff organization which delighted us at the Odeon last winter, appear as the headliners at the Columbia Theater, for the week starting with Monday's matinee, in a tabloid Ballet Russe, declared by critics to be the most wonderful imaginative kindred art creation of modern times. Kosloff, a millionaire, and ranked with Mordkin and Nijinsky among masters of Russian dancing, first introduced in America four years ago, the Rimsky-Korsakoff "Scheherazade," Arensky's "Cleopatra" and Borodin's "Prince Igor," all of which were presented by Diaghileff at the Odeon. He says that Vlasta Maslova and Anna Povlowa outrank all other women dancers yet seen in America. Magnificence will mark the production. Scenery and costumes are by Leon Bakst, incomparable in that field of gorgeous color effects setting off the mimo-drama. Kosloff carries his own Russian orchestra. Boris Kroutikoff is his stage director. Among his star artists are Vera Fredowa, Stasia Kuhn, Alexis and Alexandre Ivanoff. His is one of the most pretentious acts that will be offered this season on the Orpheum and Keith circuits, which has the world's best vaudeville. Kosloff intends to popularize the Russian ballet, and founded an American school of ballet. To this end he carries with him

on his tours, a number of American pupils. Throughout four weeks in New York this number was most enthusiastically received. The ballet was formed from among Diaghileff's dancers remaining in America when that troupe returned to Europe after its tour under the direction of the Metropolitan Opera Co. Others on the week's programme are: Lydia Barry, the lyrical raconteur, in a repertoire of exclusive songs; Tom Smith and Ralph Austin, musical comedy stars, in "All Fun;" Kenney and Hollis, the original college boys, in a new act, "Freshy's Initiation;" Paul Gordon, the wire wonder; Charles Irwin and Kitty Henry in "Coming Through the Rye;" Maxine Brothers, with Bobby, the comedy dog, and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

Billy Kent will be the star of "The Henpecks," which opens a week's engagement at the Park Theater next Monday. This production will afford an abundance of material for the clever young comique. "The Henpecks" was the funniest vehicle Lew Fields ever had, and next week's local presentation is bound to add laurels to the Park's list of admirable productions. The barber shop scene is guaranteed to contain more hilarious situations than any one production ever before offered at the West End playhouse.

Roger Gray is easily the star at the Park this week in Gustav Luders' musical piece of a prologue and two acts, "The Burgomaster." Carl Haydn and his Bowery friends furnish an endless amount of laughter with their "tough" dances. The German Band is acquiring the reputation of creating more laughs than any one specialty in the piece. Kent, the incomparable German comedian, is cleverly cast. Sarah Edwards in four or five characters and a song. Florence Mackie, Janet McIlwaine and Harry Fender are fetching. Frances Lieb has an exceptionally good part.

Mitchell Harris as *Mawruss Perlmutter* and Joseph Dailey as *Abe Potash*, supported by Miss Thais Magrane and The Players will make next week especially notable at the Players Theater, Grand and Olive, when "Potash and Perlmutter" will succeed "Under Cover," beginning with the Sunday matinee. In this celebrated comedy, to be seen here for the first time at popular prices, several additional artists will appear in the cast, and an elaborate production is promised. The play, based on the Montague Glass stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*, is like a section cut out of the heart of the cloaks and suitings section of the Washington avenue jobbing district. Along with their bickerings, their shrewd dealings and incisive sayings, *Abe* and *Mawruss* are a devoted pair. And with all the laughter there is deep human interest in the play which will test the comedy talents of The Players to the utmost.

Nervous

"They are not going to cut me up if I go to the hospital, are they?"

"Of course not, when you're going just for a rest. What makes you think they are?"

"Because, when I called up the hospital, a voice said, 'Operator.'"—*Baltimore American*.

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A Fashion Revue

A Fashion Revue at a Dinner Dance, just a week before the Veiled Prophet's ball—when His Majesty will crown one of the many fair "buds" Queen of His Court of Love and Beauty! An opportunity for the stately matrons of His Majesty's Court, and the debutantes who will make their first bow to society to see the most original and exclusive styles in ball gowns, dance frocks, evening gowns, dinner gowns, smart street frocks and evening wraps and accessories in their proper setting! The Hotel Jefferson has issued invitations for this affair, which will be given under the auspices of Famous and Barr Co. of St. Louis and Harry Collins, of New York, one of America's premier creators of styles authoritatively correct, on Monday evening, September 25, at 10:30 o'clock. The affair will be strictly formal. Table reservations must be made in advance. There will be dancing. The show will have an elaborate and artistic setting. It will surpass any showing of modish apparel ever given in the West, and will establish St. Louis' reputation as a style center. Harry Collins, who has long made semi-annual visits to St. Louis under the auspices of Famous and Barr Co., has had an opportunity of studying the individuality of the modish dressers of this city and he declares that St. Louis women are past mistresses in the art of smart dressing, that they wear their clothes, instead of merely letting their clothes envelop them. The apparel to be displayed has been designed to meet this local high standard of style, and it will be displayed on professional models brought from New York for the occasion. Famous and Barr Co. are to be commended for their progressive spirit in inaugurating this metropolitan innovation, with its stamp of social exclusiveness.

Just Honors

The late Senator Tabor built the Tabor Grand Opera House at Denver some thirty years ago. He employed an Italian artist to decorate the interior, with the understanding that he (Tabor) was not to enter the theater until the work was completed. Over the center of the proscenium was a picture of Shakespeare. On a tour of inspection, in company with the artist, Senator Tabor said: "Whose picture is that?" The artist replied: "Shakespeare." "Shakespeare! What in hell did he ever do for Denver? You paint him out and paint me in."

Think

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Marts and Money

Everything looks lovely on the Wall Street Exchange and in the purlieus thereof. The public is in the market, to the intense delight of brokers and manipulators. Messenger boys, barbers, waiters, and chorus girls are putting up margin. Stocks are bought right and left, regardless of prices and perils. Intrinsic merits are ignored. It's "tips" that count, and there are plenty of 'em on tap. Brokers solemnly pass 'em around every morning, with the laconic recommendation to "follow your own judgment." That means, of course, that you are safe in buying any old thing. Advances of three, four or five points are everyday occurrences. They are recorded even by some of the mobile railroad stocks, such as Chicago, M. & St. Paul, Reading, and Union Pacific common. The last-named was worth 137 about two weeks ago. At present the price is close to 150, or at a figure bespeaking an investment yield of less than $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, the yearly dividend rate being 8 per cent. The buying in this instance is attended by a revival of the antique tale of a big special distribution of surplus funds. Do you remember the awful stories about suspensions of dividend payments, financial bankruptcy, federal ownership, and so on, that the labor struggle and the eight-hour law brought forth? Well, there's Union Pacific common selling at the highest price in two years, and Reading common, of the par value of \$50, at $113\frac{1}{2}$,—absolute maximum. Chicago, M. & St. Paul common, a 5 per cent stock, is priced at 99, the spring wheat deficit notwithstanding. Manipulation? Certainly. But manipulation could not achieve striking results if the speculative public held altogether aloof. Chesapeake & Ohio, holders of which receive nothing, is quoted at 65, or at the same price as the 3 per cent bonds of the Northern Pacific. New York Central, a 5 per cent stock, is selling in large amounts at 110, or at a price denoting a net return of merely $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Some market, evidently. It impresses one more deeply than that for high-grade interest-drawing securities. Old fogies sedulously call attention to the public's neglect of choice bonds and notes. They consider it of inauspicious significance. While their words are supported by precedents and common sense, they elicit no thoughtful comment among the daily students of artificially illumined blackboards. Such theorizing is regarded just as immaterial and irrelevant as are pedantic disquisitions on bank reserve ratios and the probable consequence of a grounding of arms in Europe. "Words, words, my Lord!" In years ago, a big "bulge" in stock values was invariably preceded by a sharp rise in bond quotations. The present upward movement in the share department followed hard upon a distinct sag in bond values. The professors of political economy at the University of Chicago will please take notice, and present us with another "last analysis."

Some there are who vociferate that the stock boom should be considered the inevitable result of enormous imports of yellow metal. They may be right. They have the *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* argument in their favor. Approximately \$600,000,000 gold has been received

from foreign countries, principally from England *via* Canada, since September, 1914. In addition, about \$200,000,000 has been drawn from our own gold mines. The sum total of \$800,000,000 provides credit for at least \$4,000,000,000, according to the accepted opinion in financial circles. There are intimations that the next few months should witness the importation of at least \$200,000,000 more gold, the Bank of England now receiving liberal shipments of the metal from Paris and Petrograd for American account. The high prices for commodities of all kinds must be held the outcome, not merely of gold inflation, but also of reduced production, high transportation charges, and growing redundancy of outstanding amounts of paper money in the warring nations.

United States Steel common is now valued at 109. This represents an advance of \$25 in less than two months. Further enhancement is considered a foregone conclusion. Close observers assert that prominent insiders are not liquidating at or around ruling prices, and that the 125-mark is sure to be attained in the near future. They also predict that the Corporation's report for the third quarter of the year will prove of miraculous purport, inasmuch as it should disclose net earnings of not less than \$100,000,000. Talk of this kind does not seem incredible. It is upheld by quoted steel prices and the booked business of the Corporation. Equally reasonable appears the prediction that the exceptionally prosperous state of things should prevail until July 1, 1917, at least. At their last quarterly meeting, the Finance Committee declared the regular dividend of \$1.25 and \$1 extra. It is not improbable that at the October meeting the regular rate of payment will be fixed at 6 or 7 per cent. Such action would not be imprudent—not at all. Nor would it be censurable if the holders of the common stock were awarded a bonus of 5 or 6 per cent in October or in January. They did not receive a cent in 1915. The accepted belief in informed quarters is that the surplus earnings for the full year 1916 will reach \$250,000,000. So, all pertinent matters properly weighed, the ruling price of 109 for the common stock cannot be declared utterly out of reason, especially not when thought is taken of the probability, or rather certainty, that the steel manufacturers of the United States will continue to report unusually large earnings even after hostilities have come to an end. Such contraction in foreign orders as is sure to take place should not be sufficiently severe to compel substantial reductions in rates of payment to stockholders.

The common shares of the General Motors Co. are rated at 750,—another top record. Last year's maximum was 558. The latest rise was attended by rumors of a readjustment in capitalization through issuance of five shares of new stock for each share of the present stock. In "bear" quarters it was promptly asserted that such procedure would enable insiders to liquidate at tremendous profits. The new shares are already quoted at 125, "when, as, and if issued." The dividend rate on General Motors common is \$20 per annum, but it could conveniently be increased to \$40 or \$50.

TO almost every man some time comes the opportunity of acquiring a comfortable fortune; but that opportunity invariably has to be bought. If you have no surplus, you cannot acquire the opportunity.

Your ambitions, are they always to remain dreams? A business of your own, a training that will put you in the high pay class or a change of position with greater opportunities and income—these may result from having a Mercantile Savings Account.

Imagine opportunity coming to-day and being yours if you had a thousand dollars with which to grasp it. Would you have the thousand?

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All other war industrials remain in brisk inquiry at considerably raised quotations. They yet are much below their high notches of 1915, however. Some copper stocks have established new tops, owing to expectations of still higher dividend rates and optimistic news as to conditions and outlook in the industry. It should be noted, however, that the current quotation for the red metal is three cents under the best level of some months ago.

Quoted interest rates are slightly firmer, but show no appreciable changes. Call funds are quoted at 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, against $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 per cent in the early part of the year. Time money is rated at 3 to 4 per cent. The latest statement of the Clearing-House institutions indicated a moderate improvement in reserves. One prominent banker is credited with the statement that the Stock Exchange people should not worry over money supplies. There will be plenty of funds for them for months to come. The foreign gold will turn the trick. This means more confidence for the confidence men.

Finance in St. Louis.

In the Fourth Street market operations still are chiefly confined to speculative industrial issues. The demand for investment securities, while encouraging in its variousness, is not as large as it might or should be, considering the great supplies of surplus funds in the city and adjacent territory. In this particular respect, the situation does not differ from that in New York. Dealers in good bonds, notes, and stocks hope that by and by a substantial proportion of the speculative profits gathered in Wall Street in recent times may be diverted into the proper channels, that is, into their offerings of superior investment paper. Lately, National Candy common proved the principal attraction. It advanced from 10 to 13, to the accompaniment of transfers aggregating several hundred shares. A few months ago it could be bought at less than 6. There is \$6,000,000 of it outstanding. Some years since it was selling at about 25. The second preferred stock can be bought at 85, a rather cheap figure, considering that it pays a 7 per cent divi-

dend. There appears to be little or no inquiry for this class of shares; nor for the first preferred, which is obtainable at 98.

Independent Breweries first preferred, which was worth 8½ less than two years ago, is in active quest at 27—a new top mark. More than two hundred shares were disposed of in the past few days. The 6 per cent bonds of the same company are rated at 64, and expected to go to 75 eventually. They were valued at 45 at one time in 1915. Wagner Electric Manufacturing soared to 336, but subsequently relapsed about twenty points on selling both judicious and compulsory. The total of transactions was two hundred and thirty shares. Sixty shares of Chicago Railway Equipment brought 97.50 to 101; the latter price means a new maximum. Last year's low point was 75. Fifteen Union Sand & Material were sold at 75.50—indicating a slight decline.

The buying of bank stocks showed a little improvement. Twenty-five Mercantile Trust were marketed at 341.50; five Boatmen's Bank at 118.75; six at 118.50; five Mechanics-American National at 249.50; forty-one Title Guaranty Trust at 110 and 110.50; fifteen State National at 202, and forty Bank of Commerce at 109.50 and 110. The slant in this kind of certificates is upward.

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce	108 1/2	109 1/2
State National Bank	202 1/2	
Mercantile Trust	341	342
United Railways pfd.	17	18
do 4s	62	62 1/2
St. L. & Sub. gen. 5s.	75 1/4	
Union Depot 6s.	102	
East St. L. & Sub. 5s.	85	
Dallas Gas 5s.	90	
K. C. Home Tel. 5s.	92	
do 5s (\$500)	92	
Toledo Home Tel. 5s.		94
Am. Credit Indemnity	125	
Union Sand & Material	77 1/2	79 3/4
Ely & Walker	147	150
do 1st pfd.	105	
do 2nd pfd.	84	85
International Shoe com.	97 3/4	98
do pfd.	110	112
General Roofing pfd.	100	102 1/4
Granite-Bimetallie	65	
American Bakery 6s.	99 3/4	
Hamilton-Brown	116	
Ind. Brew. 1st pfd.	25 3/4	27 1/2
National Candy com.	12	13 1/2
Chicago Ry. Equipment	106 1/4	107 1/4
Wagner Electric	335	336 1/2

Answers to Inquiries.

BANKER, Marshall, Minn.—The Colorado Industrial 5 per cent bonds are not a first-class investment, though guaranteed by the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co., whose general mortgage 5 per cent bonds are quoted at 98 in New York. They are a tempting purchase, however, and likely to rise to 85 or 90 before long; the current price is 80, against 70 in the early months of 1915. The properties owned by the Industrial Co. are considered very valuable. The active interest taken in the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. by the Rockefeller crowd foreshadows important developments.

B. D., Roswell, N. M.—Atchison common, now quoted at 106½, will no doubt rise to your point of 118 at a not very distant date. The company is in position to raise the dividend rate from 6 to 7 per cent, and will do so, I think, in the next twelve months, in the absence of such untoward events as cannot be regarded as probable at this moment. The earnings will not be seriously affected by the lowered yields of wheat and corn. In case of a "dip" of a few points, increase your holdings.

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—The

stock of the German-American Bank, of St. Louis, is pretty closely held, and always has been. The quoted price of 207 does not look high, the dividend rate being 10 per cent. It is not unlikely that the price may be advanced to 250, though hardly in 1916. The institution is excellently managed, and should be able to pay 12 per cent at a relatively early date.

INVESTOR, Urbana, Ill.—You must not sell your New Haven & Hartford at or near the current price of 62. While the property's immediate prospects are not bright, there is good ground for the belief that it should steadily and materially improve its financial position in the next few years and be competent to resume dividend payments some time in 1918, if not in the last half of 1917. Liquidation has been heavy and prolonged, and it is known that most of the stock has drifted into the hands of strong financial, insurance, and private capitalistic interests. Patience is both a laudable and profitable virtue in investment operations.

♦♦♦

New Books Received

LET THERE BE LIGHT by Rev. Wallace M. Short. Published by the author at Sioux City, Ia.

A study in freedom and faith, being a review of six years of ministry, dedicated to all who are battling for the principles of democratic institutions.

FRIENDS OF FRANCE. Boston and New York: Houghton-Mifflin & Co.; \$2.00.

The field service of the American Ambulance corps described by its members. The section in Alsace Reconquise is covered by Preston Lockwood, of the "Mirror" staff. These articles are probably more illuminative of conditions in the French army than anything else printed in this country. There are numerous full page illustrations from photographs and drawings by celebrated French artists. Also a roster of the members, April 1, 1916, with their American addresses and college affiliations, and photographs of those who have particularly distinguished themselves. The Croix de Guerre is reproduced in colors. This book is frankly an appeal for funds and recruits.

BUGLE-ECHOES edited by Francis F. Browne. Chicago: McClurg & Co.; \$1.00.

A compilation of the notable poetry evoked by the Civil War, the popular favorites and other poems less well known, Northern and Southern, arranged chronologically with explanatory notes. Indexed. Mr. Browne was an ex-soldier and founder and editor of "The Dial."

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS by Denis A. McCarthy. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.00.

A new volume of lyric verse by the author of "A Round of Rimes" and "Voices from Erin," being mostly poems that the author has made popular by his readings.

DUTY AND OTHER IRISH COMEDIES by Suemas O'Brien. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.00.

Five clever one-act comedies: "Duty," performed by the Irish players in their American tour in 1914, "Magnanimity," "Jurisprudence," "Retribution" and "Matchmakers," having all the delightful qualities that are found in Suemas O'Brien's fiction.

CHLOE MALONE by Fannie Heaslip Lea. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35.

A New Orleans love story. Full page drawings by F. Graham Cootes.

THE WOMAN GIVES by Owen Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.40.

Another Bohemian novel by the author of "The Salamander." Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

THE BIRD HOUSE MAN by Walter Prichard Eaton. New York: Doubleday-Page & Co.; \$1.35.

Twelve related stories of New England life delightfully related. Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty.

SHORT STORIES FROM "LIFE." New York: Doubleday-Page Co.; \$1.25.

Selected by the judges as the eighty-one best stories of the thirty thousand mss. received in "Life's" short story contest, by authors well-known and unknown, humorous and poignant, illustrating how short a short story may be and still remain a story.

THE HOUSE OF FEAR by Wadsworth Camp. New York: Doubleday-Page Co.; \$1.35.

A detective and mystery story of the stage. Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller.

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THE GRIZZLY KING by James Oliver Curwood. New York: Doubleday-Page Co.; \$1.25.

A romance of the wilds and a fascinating nature study, done in Curwood's best style.

THE GREEN ALLEYS by Eden Phillpotts. New York: MacMillan & Co.; \$1.50.

The third of a triad of novels of English industrial life, being a tale of the Kentish hop fields.

STANDARD OIL OR THE PEOPLE by Henry H. Klein. Published by the author, Tribune Bldg., New York City; paper 25c, cloth 50c.

An economic essay premised on the assumption that the country's present hardship is due to the fact that the great corporations and not the people control the government, that the chief factor in the affairs of the nation is Standard Oil, and that conditions are largely what Standard Oil has made them. The author endeavors to tell exactly what these conditions are and presents a program for the permanent abolition of "hard times" in America.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN by Lord Charnwood. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.75.

A comprehensive study of Lincoln's life and achievements by an English admirer, who calls him "one of the few supreme statesmen of the last three centuries." Lincoln's character as shown by his correspondence, his works and his associations, is intimately portrayed, and a history of the nation for this period is necessarily included. The book is rounded out with a map, index, bibliography and a chronological table of important events of English and American history. This volume is of the series of "Makers of the Nineteenth Century."

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biographies of men of all countries who had a definite influence on the thought or action of the nineteenth century, edited by Basil Williams.

CECILY AND THE WIDE WORLD by Elizabeth F. Corbett. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.40 net.

A novel of the wife who must win the husband whose profession has carried him away. A large story and a happy ending.

JOSEPH CONRAD by Hugh Walpole. THOMAS HARDY by Harold Child. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50c each.

The latest additions to the "Writers of the Day" series, being critical estimates of the works of these famous authors and accounts of their lives, written while they yet live by other authors but little less famous. Each volume has portrait, index and bibliography.

♦♦♦

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inees, Sundays, Thursdays, Saturdays. Symphony Orchestra.



Monday, Sept. 25th
Park Opera Company in
"THE HENPECKS"
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"THE BURGOMASTER"

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**5 Big Acts of American
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Vaughan Glaser Presents Mr. Frederick Lewis and a Strong Supporting
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One of the Most Interesting Plays Ever Written

GRAND OPERA HOUSE 10c-20c

Starting Monday
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"On the Veranda," a splendid musical satire on college life; May Nannary
and Company, in "Father's Way," The Royal Gascoignes, in Dextrous Ec-
centricities; Morris Goldman, the eccentric violinist; Gordon, Delmar and
Prager, in Steps of Harmony; The Dares, "An Athletic Picnic;" Bennington
and Scott, "Three Feet of Song and Dance;" Sallie Fields, the "New York
Star of Ragtime in Songs of the Moment;" La Pavla, novelty international
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THE FOURTH PRESIDENT of the United States considered it a greater honor to be declared the Father of the Constitution than to have been elected twice to the highest office in the gift of his countrymen. No more ardent, intelligent, far-sighted and constant student of governmental problems ever lived than Madison. They were his life-long passion. He it was who labored with all his gigantic ability and indomitable will to have deeply imbedded in our National law those vital principles which forever guarantee to all Americans Religious, Commercial and Personal Liberty. In private life he was genial and social—yet temperate. Many a foaming glass of good barley-malt beer he drank with his bosom friend Thomas Jefferson—"Father of the Declaration of Inde-

pendence." Madison died at 85 and Jefferson at 83; both were unalterably opposed to tyrannous Prohibition Laws, and advocated legislation which encouraged the brewing industry. Upon the tenets of the Constitution of the U. S. A., to which Madison devoted the best of his genius, Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. To-day 7500 people are daily required to produce and market their honest brews. Their chief brand, the famous BUDWEISER, is sold throughout the civilized world—the drink of your forefathers—the drink of the noblest men who ever lived—the drink of the great triumphant nations. BUDWEISER sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

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